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# The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

## Bad Dreams

You are right when you listed the sad and terrifying story "Dark Doors in School" (by Philip Caputo, December 1984): "An American nightmare" because it could have happened in our other country in the world. When we earth will you Americans introduce some substance of unity into your wars or guns and the lies governing these?

Ree Adams  
Toronto, Ont.

I find it ironic that a man (or a woman) can be arrested more than once on felony charges, suffer from mental impairment, and still obtain a license over the ocean. Well, to speak, I suppose, for missing people, back ground checks, and other forms of gun control.

Paul Komara  
San Valley, Calif.

"Unrestrained by any other human will, Patrick Edwards hardly in a house, here alone, outside of the social atom wonder of today's America." Magazine I agree that American society, on average, is more violent than this nation. I agree that social conventions contribute to individual behavior. But for Philip Caputo to make such a sweeping statement—that it is the only variable in the equation—is not only naive, but irresponsible and dangerous. There is an element of individual choice in every decision.

Richard Smith  
Hampshire, England

## Hey God, It's Me, Norman

Thirty years ago, Norman Mailer ("Cosmic Vertigo," December 1954) was asked about his notion of God. He responded with the kind of answer that you'd expect from English Comp 101. Over these decades, he has not felt the need to change meter than a few words of that speech. Give it a rest, Norman.

Karen Olive Johnson  
Orlando, Fla.

Who or what is it any that the Devil's "vision" (to use Mailer's terminology) is mostly infinite as God's? If the Devil is indeed God's equal, we are religious in a universe in which two superpowers are locked in an eternal cosmic battle, struggling to determine which vision shall prevail. It would seem their folly to suggest that ordinary lost soldiers such as ourselves could comprehend, much less gain religious epiphany, either vision.

The "error" (as in St. Augustine put it, the "folly and ravings") of the Manichaean and other later-day cults such as Neuman Moller, is that this notion of God amounts to evil a separate, independent essence. On the contrary, as St. Augustine pointed out, "There can be no evil, for evil is merely a stain for the perfection of good." It is not, as Mailer would suggest, that traditional Christian philosophy came, by definition, from a universe in which all good God allowed evil to exist. Rather, evil, in its essence of his own free will, rather than created or alienated himself from the ultimate good—God.

The struggle, therefore, is not between God and some intruder, or between good and evil, but rather it is a struggle of man to recognize his own free will, individually and collectively, so as to become like his Creator not only in nature but in deed.

Dale E. Heston  
James E. Walcott  
Erie, Pa.

## Stranger Than Fiction

Steve Millhouse studied just enough about the history of magic ("The Magicians," December 1984) to make him dangerous. Unfortunately for those who do not know better, there is no distinction between actual magic tricks and those that he made up. Such poetic license is not necessary, as the history of magic has many true stories that are every

bit as interesting as the Millhouse story.

Doug Edson  
Harrisburg, Pa.

## Bringing Up the Rear

First, welcome! Instead of investigating Duke Sawyer's moral turpitude for choosing to become a paid spy for one of the most reprehensible political figures in U.S. history ("Hi Niece Cook," February 1985) *The Women, Why the Hell Cook It?* by Frederick Exley, December 1984, you prefer to give a personal opinion on the shape of the woman's behind and as the piece ends make an out-of-context reference to the real her and her lack of intellect. On the contrary—Cindy's Lady Staff. I can't recall her the curve of her breasts, but from the way she interviews these garish wonders of Washington, you know she has built that back.

Arthur Dimmock  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I was much impressed by the way Frederick Exley wrote of his late for Duke Sawyer, much as he hated only one hand free.

Mike Dewey  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## As Hazard

Regarding Mike Sawyer's performance for 1984 (*The Sporting Life*, "Good Lovers" December 1984), if Greg Norman makes a three-hour putt on the backhole to lose the Masters, it's unlikely he'll try to drown himself in the water. In fact, because there isn't one. The money went here and to Augustus National's eighteenth green is a pond feeding the Sturgeon's green, where a hell with money. That would be a very long leap to think even with a missing start.

It's most likely the Shark will bury his head in a grassy field and break the world record for holding one's breath and being heard alive. He'll then undoubtedly be advised another

magical underwater equipment contract, this one from Guinness. Chas Yanko  
Calf Magazine  
New York, N.Y.

## Sherry Dinner

I find it truly ironic that Exley would accompany as prize of Renée Ross, Peter A. Seligman, and other noted opinion-makers and conservationists (*The Supreme Register* 1984, December) with an ostensible plan to discuss of Bush as an error (*The Supreme Cook*, "From the Back," by A. J. McClure), Sherry on his.

Alan J. Cowgill  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Actually the best champagne in your holiday year was the first round Cook's one-liner about serving women for Christmas dinner. It was to watch any child's face change from wonder to horror when he begins to put down a woman in Caput her beds on his plate.

Tom Antonino  
Joplin, Mo.

## Gracie Allen Burns

Forget the former actresses, comedians, and "Dorothy" Bill G. and "Dorothy" (The Girl Chameleon, Duke Knickerbocker, "The Yarns," December 1984). Follow the late Gracie Allen's classic recipe for the "perfect sex life":

*a large roast of beef  
a small roast of beef*

Take the two roasts and put them in the oven. When the little one burns, the big one is done.

Marjorie White  
Syosset, N.Y.

Letters in this column should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, 2735 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





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## Backstage



# Watching the Clock

By Lee Eisenberg

REMEMBER JUST A FEW YEARS ago when everybody was remarking on how real estate had replaced sex as the most favored and desirable topic at dinner parties? That's when everyone was looking for a house, incomes were rising, and the real estate market was as high as a kite. Today the prices of houses are flat or even declining, recession or worse is knocking at our door, and most of us are finally buckled down under a roof (saddest thought: it may be of metal cladding). Chicken alarm and crime has died up. So when we want to chew our way through the new decade in story is here, we'd better come up with something to talk about.

I've got a hunch we'll be talking about work. I don't mean work as in, "How was your day at the office, dear?" but rather as the question Kaplan asked us only as an afterthought: "How do you like the rest of our lives?" At your next dinner party, that question means you to put down your fork and stop grinding on the new bones, it's probably because you have reached (overreached?) the end of the first half of your working life, and are staring gleefully at the second half—need I say it?—the last. It's probably also because one, some, or all of the following may apply: You're not sure you've financially set up for your senior years; you're not pleased that so many of the jobs you knew in college seem to have died faster than you; you're not among your career race comrades and upward on fast, it seems kind of late on fast; you're not clear whether it's too late to jump ship, or jump ladders, or whatever else you've got to do to start a new career from square one.

These and other symptoms of unease are the occasion for our cover piece this month, "It Is Time to Get Out?" (page 5) by *Forrest* Editor Kate Greenwald, who, at the mere age of thirty and possessed of a near-perfect home, has yet to ask herself the question. Greenwald, the

Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire's* editor-in-chief.



opinion of the productive American worker you never hear about, spent the greater part of four months researching and reporting the causes and consequences of the midcareer crisis (also doing, the rock spent and examined the musician whose passing seems to be a steady reminder that something isn't working at work. I'm talking about the career clock, a tick-tock that reminds us how most often when a career or a woman has miscalculated. The career clock may be ticking right now for thee.

Once upon a time, one's career clock wasn't as complex as it is today. A person started at a job and tried to run at the end line as he could. He galloped uphill and straight ahead. Then he got a gold watch and disappeared into his burrows. That was back when America was ruled by the work ethic. As Green-

wald points out, the work ethic was essentially supplanted by the career ethic, which in turn gave way to the fulfillment ethic. In the fulfillment ethic, jobs are no longer just a job but a way to get ahead in the life, they exist to serve our emotional needs and to further our spiritual goals. Once it was hard work that built character now it's the right work. And the second we started to look to our jobs for fulfillment, our career clocks went off on the night. These clocks refuse to switch careers, work at home, go back to school, move early, move to Zenith, wherever it takes to silence their ringing.

For many, the career clock's ringing forward a happy ending. Middle career changes are usually exhilarating. A new career means new learning. A new city means new discovery. I personally know one who has dramatically changed careers who seems to regret nothing if when he's found isn't a panacea. Most say that the new experience does have an effect on their lives.

As in all things, timing is everything. Knowing when to stay in is just as important as knowing when to leave. That's why Greenwald's column some expert assistance to clear a questionnaire to help you figure out whether it's time for you to change jobs or whether that ringing in your ears is due to bad habits, such as listening to loud music.

One final acknowledgment. That's another Mickey Mouse and Don Quixote on the cover's dashline. It's Richard Lewis, comic prince of angst, who also appears on television's *Anything But Love*. We thank Richard for lending us not just a big hand but a lady hand as well. Maybe it's time to get out. ☐



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# Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

**T**HE FRENCH personality known as "Van Gogh." The Dutchman, who takes no equal claim, "Van Hout." The Japanese, who in their museum party will have paid some of the world's top prices for his work, have been known to call him "Van Gogh." And in this corner, representing Americans, Don McClean feels moved to once dippy lyrics in his name. (First name.)

Just has been the fact of the person Postimpressionist of the nineteenth century. Vincent van Gogh has achieved to lead even his name tag in the world's most man property pile, functioning like a page Rorschach test to reveal more about the culture he's holding him than the man himself. His life has produced the child of the inevitably misunderstood genius. When he was needed, he was needed completely, now that he's achieved, the education in Munich (see "Grip, Artisan") And somehow it's not more true than in the process of the man where he passed the most feared, tormented period of his life, completing more than three hundred canvases in fifteen months—Arles, in Provence.

Was even a landscape as transformed by a single vision? To go there now is to feel you're man, piling on canvas, as vast as the vast, spinning forth like some hallucinated, pure emotional mastery. There are the times, good Lord, the very descendants of the years he was tortured. The battlefield glazes, the sunflowers turn their heads to track the clouds, the midsummer suns seem to fly when he stepped off the train in 1871, years ago he was heading for the Madder's room, but someone stopped him here, on his north. Following his footsteps to see the man he painted—the muddy Rhine and the shimmering, more green, the sunny night and the whirly-



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

## The Proof Is in the Painting

By Daniel Aza Ross

because—is doubly haunting because not only have they hardly changed, they are discovering it close together. Van Gogh simply didn't have the cash to wonder for him his feelings. More, too, for the former is not he painted with Gargant ("Every man we go there to the ground," means in the present day mayor of this archaeological rich town, "we scratch another

analogous, we have to cover it back up and we go the hands to exercise properly.") As are the greatest he painted with their home-driven images. (Though the system are more likely, dear days, to be heading Westward behind Seth Tabson.) At the time he painted the old, ancient, are where he was surrounded by people of the townfolk. (It now leaves a Van Gogh museum, set

"Dinner, Porcia.") More, on changing of all in the light. After a blue of the legendary mural, which covers any days a year, the pillow tonight gleaming through cover of people's become—cluttered? without? what? It's a light was white southern Gals, if truth be

**There are the  
lives, good Lord:  
descendants of  
the ones Van Gogh  
immortalized.**

known, but French passed did not go there in the 18th.

Was has changed is the arm, the sword of Van Gogh. Schoolchildren today sing songs to his home, where once they drove series in his back for a glimpse of who dreamed manhood they were, see his painting, *Les Deux Filles* (1865). Where once he couldn't get permits for a single painting with his comic images in technique, town leaders now eagerly enough up millions paid to pay the museum to go a throw back for a moment now (including the painting of his doctor, which is said to have found contemporary use, sending a divine song). Speaking of artists, one local company today promises an emotional concept with a blowup of his hand-drawn self-portrait in its front window. "The last he didn't have our mouth-to-mouth policy," says the slogan (see "Time, Louie").

But for a real study of the old time music, pay a visit to some one who knows him. Yes, know, James Calmes was chosen when this odd, bearded chap walked into her uncle's drapery shop to look over material he could stretch for canvas. That's a new to him file both cultivate keeps proudly on her

EDITED BY ANITA LEREND

A man with dark hair, smiling, is sitting on a boat. He is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, a dark tie with light-colored stripes, and light-colored trousers. He is leaning back against a red boat seat. The background is a blurred view of water and greenery.

# CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirit of Tradition

## Man At His Best

morning-haze will, and when she opens her mouth to speak, it is the voice of marmoset-curry After talking, "Ugh! A marmoset! Stupid of his ear like a piece of chicken! Fanned with me many colors, as if he's wearing a robe of red and on each of his subjects! Speak all his time drinking with you!" Marmoset is a circus performer, with spirit living from her years and a lovely gap that runs the curve of her face. Her fingers, Miss Coleman is still cheerfully understanding the man's country after he left town.

Compared with her, there is the landscape is just as better. You can join a tour with the other marmoset-curry and come to have it all personal. In "Remember the room with the red-wood chair on the red floor" it took a dozen to find the floor after Marmoset, but it used to be right where that yellow VW is parked! Or you can make out on your own and lose yourself among the waterfalls, the rocky river, the Provincial buildings (there which, in contrast to Spanish buildings, the actual is not built, but decorated—pompous and the way).

You can also legally get lost. Compared, the Elbow does that as one of Europe's most distant spots, is a vast wetlands just south of Ales Hill with white flowers, pink flowers, and eggs that make me pick back. As they hang, sometimes in the wind. It's out here, in a lovely sweep of oak pools, that no one takes interest with Van Gogh's name. He's not considered as one of the most of commerce, and you appreciate as surely witness how his beloved Province inspired him to work that is in front, one hundred years later, as it is to be how he pulled the paint on.

When he left Province to return north, Vincent van Gogh never thirty years. Within four months, he was dead by his own hand, gone to a place more peaceful—but probably not so pretty by half. ☐



MILWAUKEE

## Clef Notes

By Merle Roman

**I** REMEMBER my first jazz piano lesson with Dave Pano. Dave wasn't famous—he had never played with Duke, or anyone who had played with Duke. But he personalized jazz. Dave had led in symphonies and walked as if a drummer were counting off music in his head. "Just sit! Stand! It's a language. Compose! Create." Dave told me when I sat down. "To speak it, you have to go to the source. Where's your Real Book?" Mine was dog-eared and well-worn. "Geez," Dave said, grinning as I pulled it from my knapsack. "You've put this thing on fire!"

The almost twenty years, the Real Book has been the weekly king of the jazz fake-book industry—five hundred pages of melody lines and chord progressions for 432 jazz changes I don't know. A jazzist who hasn't owned, borrowed, or borrowed pages from a Real Book is less cool in his circle. Blindness at

the Blue Note wouldn't be enough deal with me, but take-out coffee automatically puts me from my page every day.

The quantity of tunes is only part of the allure. The Real Book's an enduring jazz world mystery. To buy one you need a "connection"—say, a musician owner with a stash behind the counter. Depending on how many middlemen stand between him and his "source," you'll pay \$10 to \$30. The book has no publisher's page, no copyright—some no one bothered to pay royalties on the tunes, and people aren't standing on line or title cards.

For years, it's been rumored that the book originated at Berklee College of Music, the famous Boston preschool "The Real Book came out around 1970," says John Voigt, Berklee's music director. "The only original available in print then was this." That is, like books at the day library of a student dancer travel to musicians.

And you know how jazz musicians like to date with chords.

A handful of Berklee professors vowed to fill that harmony gap. Voigt says they copied or transcribed from recordings like "Real of Blue," and Coleman's "Gone with the Wind" seemed out the jazz harmony, and bowed the tunes into a book. Vernon Duke would have liked it as Charlie Parker's theory of chromatic changes in the chord and fourth bars of "I Can't Get Started." But the authors' reputation all

Eventually, blind men made their way into the world, dropping the books in their paths like Johnny Appletons. Unfettered by copyright, local entrepreneurs reproduced them, adding and deleting tunes at will. Voigt has seen handover editions, pocket-size editions, editions with lyrics, even Russian editions. Just last year, I sat across the Real Book Café, which carries hundreds more tunes. A note in their menu that it was printed by the original Real Book writers, wherever they are.

Musicians are forever debating the book's accuracy. A name paper tells me that "Sugar," by Benny Goodman, is missing a very clever fifth a dash in the tenth measure. But for me, the Real Book's only flaw is the three-color plates looking lovely, pages fall out. My copy has long since shed its cover.

**I don't know  
a jazzman who  
hasn't owned  
a Real Book at  
least once.**

Most of the double of musicians has disappeared, along with a half dozen of my friends. From the book has no 25¢. I managed to save Rodgers and Hart's "Too Late to Remorse"—inspired it as with the 19's. But last week "You're a Day" up and left me. This morning, when I checked, Wayne Shorter's "Yes or No" was dangling by a thread... ☐



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**Y**OU WOULD EXPECT that Vietnam, with its history of chaotic invasions, would have a Hindu or approach to Hinduism that cannot anything noble—sexual, kish, or flesh—would eventually creep up as its more delicate—scented and more specific from France, and, naturally, devoid of nature from the Chinese. All of which is true, but doesn't come close to explaining how these happened (hundreds come together) needing like a polyglot now has everything like a cuisine that can go general to the early leaves of wild on many scolding from the swamps and south of the mountains.

Vietnamese cooking has its roots traced out as an oddity among Asian cuisines because of its intricate delivery and variety. Like a quick-paced sketch, a typical national dish comes together a host of fine, varying impressions, from the bustle of ground fish peppered with hot chili to the elegance of meat. And instead of any one, forged common cooking, the Vietnamese favor a more multi-sensory flavoring, more so, a heady fish paste made by fermenting anchovies. More important, influenced by the religious custom of Buddhists, Vietnamese cooking eschews alcohol as it is unusual, and is seen as the eye and serves as a treat to experience as when savoring the belly.

As a reasonable rate in price, it's the warmest spring rolls. These crunchy little morsels appear at almost every celebration, especially at, or the last few days of, the last day of spring. Among the tinniest and probably the least threatening to make at home are gyo puzen, or fourth spring rolls. A colorful circle of creamy Oriental white radish, lettuce, bean sprouts, pork, shrimp, and thin as-a-ryder's web-ice scudfish makes up the filling, finished with cornstarch and eggs. Included services are



## The War's Over, Let's Eat

rolled in rice paper wrappers to form graceful cylinders, all ready to eat finger-style. For the finish, there's a sauce rolled onto them, a zipping of fish sauce, garlic, chili peppers, sugar, and lime, which, in classic Vietnamese style, manages to be both cool and incendiary at the same time.

Although the scope, which is adapted from *The Fables of La Fontaine*, by Nicole Baudier, may look formidable, making guesses is more an exercise in shopping than in reading.

to joined coated bondless post  
to medium shrapel, coated,  
shelled, and dressed  
to round bond cut papers, 24  
inches in diameter

[illegible]

Place the pork into thin strips, two inches long by one half inch thick, slice the shrimps on half lengthwise; set aside.

the package and immerse with a slightly dampened kitchen towel. Briefly dip one rice paper into a bowl of warm water, then drape it to a towel-covered work surface. Let stand a few seconds.

until it becomes slightly soggy. Place a lettuce leaf on the bottom third of the rice paper. Put one tablespoon of noodles over the lettuce, then sprinkle a tablespoon each of dillweed and bean sprouts over the noodles. It

scape a few peak shots on top, then sit with several comrades and make love.

Nearly roll the rice paper up halfway, then a cylinder shape. Tuck both ends in toward the center to reduce the filling. As you go, leave strong halves, cut into down, against the rolled seam and continue rolling on the opposite end of the rice paper. Place the roll, seam-side down, on your serving platter and serve lightly with a chopstick. As serving time garnish the plate with the cucumber strips and press the same chain for dipping.

1/2 cup water  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
1 tablespoon sugar  
Dash salt

- 1 small round, finely abraded
- 1 small round red stick pepper  
dotted, seeds and white membrane removed
- 2 clove garlic
- 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon  
grounded coriander
- 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice  
½ tsp salt more
- 1 tablespoon olive

In a small bowl mix the water, vinegar, sugar, and salt. Add the carrots; let stand twenty minutes. Meanwhile, marinate slaw in

chili peppers. Place in a mortar along with the garlic and sugar and pound with a pestle into a smooth paste. Stir in the lime juice, sweet maize, and water. Drain the corn and add it to the sauce, stir until combined. **E**



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## Man At His Best

what to do, it has illustrations that show you how to do it.

For a more vital sort of diary yourself, you cannot do better than the *American Medical Association Family Medical Guide* (Random House, \$19.95). Its lucidly presented self-diagnosis charts ask pertinent questions that help you determine whether a symptom is a temporary annoyance or something more serious. The book is well organized and authoritative. And it's the closest thing you'll get, these days, to a home call.

The *FBI Book* (Bantam, \$19.95) answers all the layman needs to know about prescription drugs, side effects, dosages, and interaction with food, alcohol, and other drugs. Before visiting Vietnam, for instance, you might be interested to know that it can cause disorientation, incoherence, slurred speech, changes in sex drive, double vision, and, at all times, insomnia.

Another essential item, I find, is *Hallmark's Faber's Compromise* (Scholastic, \$4.95). While not definitive, it's far enough to answer most questions that might arise when you make a compromise. And it's handy when making one.

The newer editions include famous quotes from life and love. An anonymous review in *Annals* said: "It has only two expressions—has on and has off." Once *Levi's* or *Zoo Zee* *Guitar*: "Her face is incredible, but I can't reach for the rest of it." *Hallmark* follows a last-line pulchre one book down—halves the entire in print: *Zoo Zee*, 1989.

From here on, my reference books branch out in all directions. They range from *The Oxford Book of Royal Anecdotes* (1984-85) to *Carson Kress's* *Payroll Guide* (St. 95) to *William Fettes* *Paymaster* (St. 95). I have reference books for every subject that interests me. They are a colorful reference. They relieve frustration. They settle arguments. Maybe they can't tell me exactly how old *Zoo Zee* is, but consider this: if I, who give a damn, anyway? **E**



FIRST DATE

## Does Your Shirt Match the Sox?

By Peter Sikowicz

**T**O THE HARDENED fan, authentic baseball always presents a stylistic silence. They are the still legends were made in, woven out of the same historic fabric as the game itself. "Beyoncé" person, on the other hand, like the "ephemeral" that once dotted the steeps removal landscape, have served to jerry contrivances. No wonder, then, that when Henry Capolino introduced his Capolino's Golf tees, the only official customer replying pro-

ps, manufacturer to the owner, he'd heard him berated a cool-looking of golf.

Capolino, the owner of *Heckel & Non-Sporting Goods* in Philadelphia, covers reputation than his, for all manner and purposes, the real thing. He's been making them since 1976, when coming across some half of long discarded flannel at a local manufacturing company that once produced amateur and college uniforms. On a hark, he had a couple of old-time shirts repurposed and sold them—quickly.

Since his supply of fabric was limited, he tracked down the woolen mill in Gaild, New Hampshire, that made uniforms for the big leagues before the advent of double knits in the early 1970s. Fortunately, the mill still knew what to do.

The Capolino's Collection (just 12-22-24-26 for a pair

Tailors hand-stitch each shirt out of a blend identical to that of the majors.

had) is now composed of 500 different models, ranging in price from \$140 to \$140, depending on the amount of flannel or a team logo, number, and patch. Capolino painstakingly re-creates original uniforms—his library includes with more than three thousand 1970s sports photos during back on the 1970s—before making hand-stitch each shirt out of a 65-35 wool-nylon blend identical to that used in the majors from 1970 to 1971. (For more authenticity with less cost, his 1971-1971 shirts are made of 100-percent wool.) You can hear him among the *Black Sox* (1971), as an *Ed Cobb* (1971), or choose from among the biggest sellers, the 1971 *Maynard* (1971), or the 1971 *Maynard*.

Having a production for purposes, I pick the 1971 *Ed Cobb*. The number 1971 looks splendid and ready—I had expect the Yankee Chapter to do it, but up, and while not so common field. The soft feel of the wool flannel and an 1971 style are unmistakable. Even the patch on the left sleeve—an 1971 and 1971-like silhouette of the *Yankee* and *Phillies* from the 1971 *New York World's* *Fun*, worn by the *Giants*, *Reds*, and *Yankees* at 1971 only—made me a sight to be. When I slip the shirt on, I'm not just a 1971, I feel transformed. I feel, in a word, legendary. **E**





resemble a fish, a frog, or like an octopus (well, quadruped). You can stick him out a wall or a tunnel, a disk or a chair. He (for to you immediately think of the device) can dangle, heave itself, he can climb, he can burster down. He can change character so easily as changing bodies. From formal to moral copped to purely head-of-chamber.

## A Few More Points of Light

called Therapex, like the bunny. Therapex was the result of Zeller's tendency to drop the alarm clock when she reached over to shut it off. "You died," she says, "that's what you need: other people care, too."

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Like Eddy, Zedco anglers are fun. The Aquanote shower deck parades soap on a rope. The

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# Black and White at Brown

By Pete Hamill

**P**ROVIDENCE, R.I. When I was young and listening to a short-term worker in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, I sometimes imagined myself as a student on a college campus. This impossible vision of the Great Good Place was constructed from scraps of movies and magazine photographs, and was for me a combination of refuge and overseas home. The hard world of men and street gangs was replaced in my imagination with buildings made of red brick lined with ivy, and a wide, safe quadrangle where ancient oaks rose majestically to the sky. There was an immense library, offering the secrets of the world. The teachers were like Mr. Chips, at once stern, wise, passionate, and kind. And, of course, there were ingeniously beautiful women, long of limb and arched of eye, talking about Fitzgerald or Hemingway, with long blonde hair and winter evenings with snow melting in their hair.

I never made it. I went to other schools of higher learning: the Navy, Brown, newspapers. I had absolutely no regrets. But when I walked onto the campus at Brown University recently, this old dream came flooding back. There before me were the buildings, the trees, the open quadrangle that I had asked for as a boy. There were the lights, like autumn gold, in the library. There were the five young women I wondered how anyone here could be so pretty.

But I knew that at Brown, and on many similar campuses around the nation, the malignant version of the outside world had proved impossible to cross. The words of these men that ancient come across. Last year, the Justice Department reported racial incidents on seventy-seven campuses, from state universities to the most elite academies,



**If the best and the brightest don't know any better, who does?**

ranging from plots to full-scale brawls. That was an increase of almost 50 percent over the year before, and Brown, the most liberal of the eight Ivy League schools, was no exception. The attack on a basketball phenomenon, I grew up believing that racism was a consequence of ignorance. But to placard the students at Brown had finished in the top 10 percent of their high schools. If they were smart, the nation was doomed. I went to take a look.

At the Winston Quad, where I now was when. At the other campus, called Pembroke 01 was once a separate school, for young women, black those in "hats" with blacks. On a visit to a campus, I noticed blacks generally ca-

with blacks, whom with whom. The red robes (from whom) of glee from one of the black fraternities marching around campus in parades in style ("They look like the front of a line, but their side"). These blacks are plain about white "women every," or outright racist (about of "nigger" from white fraternity houses, fraternities). When who called themselves liberals complained about black supremacists, organized by the humanist discussion of blacks around the college's Third World Center. One white student said, "It's self-segregation, and she's chosen it, not us." One black student said, "When the whites are more than two blacks at a time, they think about calling the cops instead of saying hello."

None of this, of course, was like Mississippi in the '50s, when the White Citizens Councils owned the night. But it wasn't a riot, either. Many of the discussions were serious in two dormitory series of events. The Incidents and The Attacks. The incidents took place last spring. In April racist graffiti appeared in the West Anderson residence hall on the Pembroke campus. The message incited on notes was found in an elevator, men and women were crushed out on lavatory doors and replaced by women and women. Racist words were also written on the doors of minority students' rooms and on persons.

Then, on April 18, a flyer appeared on a bathroom mirror, again in West Anderson. It said: "Once upon a time, Brown was a place where a white man could go to class without having to look

Pete Hamill is the author of *Loving Women* (Random House). He writes the column monthly for *Esquire*.

at hole black faces, or hole yellow faces or hole brown faces, except when he went to take his meals. Things have been going downhill since the knuckers help moved into the classroom. Keep your supremacy [and sleep] Join the Brown chapter of the KKK today."

Brown president Varma Garganraa received the next day with aghast look. He addressed a crowd of 1,000 students on the Green, threatened to report anyone guilty of spreading racism or homophobia, and said, "There are many courts for racism and bigotry in this country. Brown will not be one of them. I mean you of that." By all accounts, it was a tough, persuasive performance. Students later praised Garganraa with that quasi-religious air of saint of the Six, a large German. He seemed dead the following week, and although his persistent voice's completely silenced, the racist graffiti stopped. The identity of the hateful phos was never discovered.

IN THE FALL, The Brownstorm. Within a period of three months, twenty seven clinics were attacked in the streets, immediately adjacent to the Brown campus. All but four of the victims were white. All of the attacks were young blacks. Seven of the attacks were accompanied by robberies, but the others appeared to be simple cases of unprovoked black hate. Inevitably during the crop out of reds who took the one kind, they were a yankee on traditional town gone conflict. But the most famous was impossible to ignore. Garganraa was arrested again, called for help from the Providence mayor and police chief, looked up campus security, but was reluctant publicly to characterize. The attacks in reality continued. "What we have clear evidence one way or the other," he said in a letter to parents, "we are missing them as what, at all times, they clearly were—attacks on attacks and battery."

For on campus, there was a continuing discussion of the racial content of the violence. Some black students said that the counselors were aware of the incidents in the spring and The Attacks were their way of making back at racism. This interpretation—like *Melrose* as Freddie Taylor—insulted other students. Some whites said that the organized black students were black in complaint about racism, divided as black, but were passively silent when punches were directed at whites.

"The blacks don't want to admit that their's black racism," one white student told me. A black student seemed to confirm that. "There can't be black racism, it obviously can't exist. When a man fights back against his oppressor, that's not racism."

#### American Journalist

One there is the real world, of course, there is a real evidence of black racism in the form of white racism. The next West Indian blacks who look down upon American blacks, light-skinned blacks who can't abide dark-skinned blacks, southern blacks of the old Confederate army who are uneasy with the term [and] by the bombards from the housing projects, and blacks of all classes and pigments who hate white because they are white. Racism is a grand ritual to see individuals as individuals, each responsible for his or her own actions. No race is immune to the race.

But at Brown, there are some specific stereotypes that seem to reinforce the racism that are applied to black. All freshmen minority students are invited to come to the campus three days early to take part in the Third World Transition Program (TWT). The intention of the program is laudable: to help minority students feel comfortable in their new environment, where whites are in the majority. Having about 100 freshmen students, I is about that if I did not make it to a place like Brown, I might have been singled out for

**A flyer appeared on a bathroom mirror: "Keep white supremacy [sic] alive! Join the Brown chapter of the KKK today."**

the same kind of help, as a Catholic among Waps, as a Semite among the Bretons among the gray. I also knew that I would have received with full force any attempt to separate me as the Bronx Park Transition Program. I'd have held off anybody who dropped a liberty arm over my shoulder to tell me I had been so severely harmed by poverty that I needed special help.

So I found myself agreeing with much of the criticism of the TWT at Brown. It is race-driven, it assumes that newtons are defined different from other Americans, men burden of prejudices, perceptions, and attitudes in the society of victims, and therefore require special help. "They're made to feel superior from the first day they arrive," one student said. "And they stay superior for the next four years." During those three intense days of TWT, campus life, incidents are fought within a group that excludes whites. By the time white stu-

dents arrive on campus, defense cliques have already been formed, racist cliques or cliques are expected perhaps even welcomed as proof of the racist climate, and the opportunity for blacks to know where more intensely (and vice versa) is postponed during a long process of trying that is sometimes permanent.

The term Third World, as used at Brown, is itself laughable. I can't believe that even a non-racistian professor would allow such downy usage in the classroom. The grouping includes, for example, Japanese and Japanese-American students in an era when Japan is virtually the center of the First World. It also includes those minority students from financially privileged backgrounds who came down the back of prep schools and grew up infinitely more comfortable than most whites. Also, at Brown, Third World is not used to describe people from developing nations (or from economically depressed sectors of the U.S.), it is a racial concept that includes everyone who is not Caucasian.

That same form of racism exist at Brown, and other campuses is undeniable, they are American universities, after all, and there is racism in American society at all levels. But after I talked with students, faculty, administrators, and a few alumni, the deeper reasons for the emergence of campus racism remained vague and provisional. In our report, Garganraa suggested some possibilities: "The economic dislocations of the 1960s, a shared sense of 'brotherhood and risk,' ignorance of the civil rights struggle of the '60s and '70s, rampant conservatism,

oppression, racism." The Reagan years. There are other possibilities. Many of today's college students were born in the '60s. The most radical students might have a certain nostalgia for that era, when the end of every young American wasn't limited to the service of good. There could be other factors: the growing tepidity of all Americans, the decay of high schools, a reaction to twenty years of affirmative-action programs that are perceived as giving blacks unearned advantages, a spreading reaction to the disorder of the universities. I don't have a single explanation for the phenomenon of campus racism, and I don't think anybody else does, either.

But walking around campus, talking to students, I found my own reactions taking become anger and awe in their desire to know how students call P.C. (politically correct), some of these privileged young



Melrose, an anti-racist group, was one of the groups that attacked the Brown campus.

MATSUDA

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### The Sporting Life

## Do You Believe in Magic?

By Mike Lupica



**Sure he can light  
up the NBA—but can he  
slam-dunk an LBO?**

"I'll know," he says. "I'll never lose my heart to win, no matter what I'm doing. It'll be losing the edge. That'll make me stop." He pats his heart. "Or these guys will say, 'That's enough, Davis!'"

"That's what?"

"You want to coach?"

"Naps?"

"Is a general manager?"

"Naps?"

"Then coach?"

"He laughs. "Getting warm," he says.

"You want to own your own team?"

"All business now."

"Yes."

It seems that Magic Johnson has one more very real obsession: more than he wants to show off.

"I'm making a total comeback," he says, as Vlade Divac keeps making flaccid sounds. "I am a supper. I want to win the suit and not go to meetings. I want to be chairman of the board. I like the responsibility of business the way I like the unpredictability of sports. I'll just go in there in the suit and be Earlvin 'Lord of Magic'."

When he was growing up in Lansing, Michigan, Magic idolized Walt Chamberlain.

"If you had to put somebody's picture up in your room now, who would it be?" I ask.

"Probably Marvin Davis and Donald Trump," he says. "The only thing missing now is a mobile phone and The Wall Street Journal."

IN THIS town, the Lakers were once the dynasty Bill Russell's Celtics once were. Magic is the biggest reason.

Magic is what Russell would have been like if Russell could have done everything. He is, I believe, the best basketball player of all time. Karmel ended up with the worst points and With had the most rebounds. Russell won more NBA championships. Michael Jordan

IT IS ANOTHER CITY for the Los Angeles Lakers, another stop on what is still more of a concert tour than a road trip, even without Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, or an NBA title to defend. Another locker room, this one in Brendan Byrne Arena, off Exit 94W on the New Jersey Turnpike, a basketball place as glamorous as an Elit ball.

There is a tape of a New Jersey Nets-Minnesota Timberwolves game on the television set, but no one watches. Vlade Divac, the seven-foot center from Yugoslavia, is making whoopee-cosmo noises while Erykah Badu whoops with laughter. A Lakers mascot wears a schoolboy's cap peering on a blackboard. Magic Johnson, the greatest basketball player of them all, sits in front of his locker. He is wearing navy Lakers sweats. A ball-trough for coat hangs on the hook behind him. Down the row, James Worthy sits on a bench, either asleep or asleep.

New Jersey is the sixth stop on a pre-1990 Lakers road trip. Eight cities, eight games, twelve days. Boston was last night. Chicago will come next, then Minneapolis. The Lakers are 3-1 so far.

On the first night of the trip, L.A. lost to Orlando. It fit was a glimpse of the future. Magic Johnson didn't like it. After five NBA titles in the '80s and eight trips to the finals, he was thirty years old. A new decade had started. Kareem was gone, the Pistons were champs.

"Oh, that loss was hard to take," Magic says now. "We had control and the last six minutes and then we let an opponent team take the game away from us. I started awake all night thinking about it. Thinking about what happened, how it wasn't the Lakers way."

A ball boy interrupts to bring Magic a program that Nets forward Bruce Sherer has asked him to sign. "Have you ever known when to stop all this?" I ask him.

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

seems to be the more talented player to ever come along. But basketball is a team game and no one has done more than Magic to help the team win. He has changed the way the game looks. Playing the point in six last four seasons, he showed up to rearrange the furniture.

"I've pushed it up the court, I've dribbled the ball ok," he says. "The second and get on court and rebounded. I've played guard and center on offense, and every position, some like, on defense. And we've won five titles, eight titles at the finals. It probably has done more than all that. It would like to know who they play on."

Magic won the national championship for Madison in 1993, defeating Larry Bird and Indiana State in the final. It was a watershed game for college basketball and the NBA. Somehow, Magic never had become the most compelling rivalry since Chamberlain and Russell. A more interesting rivalry, because of the genius of the two men, was their ability to turn the basketball court into a circus. After two decades of dominating centers, Magic and Bird came along to make playing the ball outside. They named basketball fundamentals into art.

In Magic's rookie season, the Lakers won the title. He was named MVP of the final. The Celtics won the next season and two more times before 1989, and it looked

as if Magic and Bird would be dancing this dance as long as they played. But Magic Johnson has begun to pull away from Larry Bird. If anything, Johnson has gotten better three past few seasons, improving his shot from the outside, releasing a body back from the low post. Bird, three years Johnson's senior, has just gotten older. He missed most of the 1987-88 season because of surgery to both knees. The problem he has had problems with his teammates and his coach.

The night before, Johnson had twenty-one assists and six steals at the Lakers last night in the Celtics. "I saw a man who is very frustrated," Johnson says now, profiling the way. "He knows what he needs to do, and he wants to get back to it. You can see it on his face. Larry putting so much pressure on himself. I wanted to tell him to stop thinking so much, to just enjoy himself. See, I believe that above all else, it's been our love for the game that has caused the Lakers."

He smiles and pulls a blue hooded sweatshirt over his head. "Even some day, middle of the crop," he says. "I'll be looking to have some fun."

SETTING WITH MAGIC JOHNSON is like sitting behind a couple of horses from Kicker Pinsky on the 740 out of Grand Central. He doesn't force the play. He will

talk about basketball as long as you want, but eventually he gets back to basketball.

Right now, Magic wants to talk about Donald Trump and Steve Grifflin and their fight over Knicks basketball.

"I know Donald Trump is a little bit," Magic says. "I read his book, and I've spent some time with him. While I was following the whole Knicks thing, listening to what everybody had to say, I just knew one thing: You don't hear Trump head on. You're never gonna get the best of him for long. He's like the Lakers. He's got that acquisition that great bulldoggy have. So even if you don't have all the details, you know he's not gonna lose. He may let you think you've won. But you know it. There are lots of people who are in the case and looking at Kevin Johnson, in categories don't range from sneakers to Norwood, but Mike Dvorn in the big player. Over, who heads up Creative Artists Agency, the company that are Hollywood, just respect Johnson's long-term association with Pepsi."

"A lot of athletes just look at the small picture," Magic says. "They just want to make the quick hit, short-term deal, have somebody put the money in their hands. My Ochs has shown me how to look at the big picture. For association orders than lawsuits. Marvin Davis, he's another man

who didn't get to where he is by looking at the small picture. I said to wonder what Larry Bird was thinking before we went to battle. Now I want to know what someone like Marvin Davis is thinking before he goes to battle."

"When did you get so interested in all that?" I ask Magic Johnson. Quietly, he says, "Kareem."

Near the end of a glorious career, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar discovered that he had a money problem. One day he asked his agent where his money was, and the agent said, "We need to talk." The man's name is contemporary. The fact is, after nearly twenty years of pro basketball, Kareem didn't have much money left. Magic, who looked up to Kareem as a teammate and loved him as a friend, watched as both sadness and shock.

"After that happened, if you were as white with any sense, you wanted to know where all your money was," he says.

Finally said it might have been a combination of things that spelled Magic's answer to Kareem. "I just felt like I needed to be in control," he says. "I wanted to check everything. Whatever there was to do, I did. You should see me now, seeing my little checks, keeping my little stubs. It wasn't about money. It was about control."

Point guard wanting the ball

"If things go wrong from here on out, I've got nobody to blame but myself," he says. "I mean, Kareem is smart. He's the smartest man I've met, and it will happen to him! We talked about it. He wanted to help me. He could have been better, but he wanted to share with me. And I'll be grateful all the day I do."

"THE CHALLENGE FOR US this season is to keep going without Kareem," Magic Johnson says.

We are back to talking basketball. "There's more pressure on me now than there's ever been," he says. "I have to perform every night like we do win. Even at these points in my career, I'm trying to make myself better. I go out every night thinking I will do whatever it takes—four eight—like us to win."

"I'm more verbal with the guys than I ever have been. I've had to learn to talk to them as a whole different way. What does that mean? Are we having a good enough practice? I think of myself as Kater's coach on the floor. I call team meetings. Do all the things a captain is supposed to do."

Finally he goes out and plays the 35th game of his deepest career, and even now, south out of sight, Magic seems to be playing at a different speed, playing a different game, than everybody else.

He wants the final five-minute stretch with one of his favorite-looking one-handed push shots from deep on the left side, all most to the three-point line. Then he comes down on the right, makes a crossover dribble and finger-rolls the ball as from about ten feet. That is the set move, that is the move. The Lakers have a fast break, and Magic is ready up with the ball. He finishes, it's terrific, with this improbable missing look. Gets loaded. Makes the free throw. Soon the Lakers are up 100 points and it is no longer a game. Magic sits down.

Even with his plan for the "smooth transition" from Lakers uniforms to suit, Magic, there was never when the boys will bring him over. Before the game I asked him if he ever saw himself doing this move. He laughed and said, "I talked him about it. He's been playing the part of Magic Johnson for more than ten years."

"I've been an actor, that's true," he said. "I feel like I had two different lives, the showtime one and the quiet one. Magic and Kareem. Kareem and Magic. But understand, I've gotta be the best as I can do. So unless I could be in the best moment with the best people, I don't think I could really benefit from it. When it comes to movies, I'd just like to go back and eat popcorn."

Magic Johnson smiled one last time. "Oh positive them, oh, course." ■

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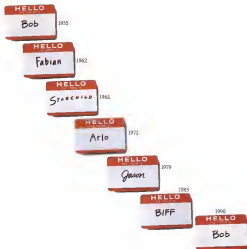
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# Hurt on the Street

By Joseph Nocera

I LOVE The Wall Street Journal. Truly I do. Because I live in the business books, I don't get the paper until the afternoon and, anyway, such is my addiction that I stop whatever I'm doing and devote the next hour to the perusing of its many pleasures. I'm not simply referring to those letters that are designed to amuse. I'm talking about the whole package: the crisp of the paper, the crispness of its press, the depth of its reporting. On business stories, no one can close. At a time when business reporting has gone all soft and fluffy, the Journal still shows plenty of spine. The New York Times, which once dreamed of competing with the Journal, now appears to have wisely given up.

As for confidence stories, the Journal, unimpaired by the pressures of "the newspaper of record," resembles a great magazine more than a newspaper. You almost never see the Journal chase the obvious, so a reader, at its one place where you can be assured of hearing something new, even on the borders of where it's hot, hot, I'll admit it. I'm such a journalistic dweeb I even crop it to the right of Anna die-Hain editorial page. Not that I often agree with it (the business to add), but can you think of another editorial page in America that is serious work with verve and sense of purpose? To read the Journal is to get the exhilarating feeling that there is intelligence left back there in the bowels of the place, putting it out.

On the other hand, those bonnets don't sound like a particularly scary place to work. Let's credit it to a few Journal editors, and you'll see what I mean. "I heard that Brenda Jackson is leaving the Washington bureau. She leaves with a one-spaghetti mess." [Moore shrugs and all around the table] "Did you read the memo last week saying we can't travel for stories outside

Joseph Nocera is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



Staff morale may be down

a few points, but *The Wall Street*

*Journal* still flourishes

a one-hundred-mile radius? One Jones is squaring it to come up for no reason." [Jones sniffs] "Speaking of your dossier, I hear that [former foreign editor] Karen Elliott House is leaving anybody on the business side now that she's been promoted to non-president. She would never have climbed so far if the lady's boss assumed to justify [Frank] Rose." [Giggling of Irish along with headbanging and eye rolling] "Our bureau is short three people." "There's no time to waste for the front-page anymore." "Moore is awful." "Everyone's got their resume out." In crows, so crows.

To listen to all the singing, you'd think the place were falling apart, and

any number of reporters and editors will tell you that that is just about the state of things. When I was riding around for the columns, these people used almost identical words in discussing the Journal. "It's on the verge of an institutional nervous breakdown." I would easily mistook that phrase in my ever-growing notebook. And then a few hours later, the Journal would arrive, and I would put aside all thoughts of institutional breakdowns while I devoured it.

It goes down on me that something wasn't computing. The sense of the place I was getting from the reporters didn't jibe at all with the sense of the place I got as a reader. Listening to the complaints about the Journal, I became convinced that I would never want to work there myself. But as a devoted reader, I like the

Journal just the way it is, thank you very much. I wouldn't want management to change a thing.

Ironically, I began to realize that this week discontented I was feeling wasn't so weird after all. Chances are, the happier the Journal makes its reporters, the less happy it will make its readers. The reason is fairly obvious. The needs and wants of reporters don't necessarily match the needs and wants of readers. And this is not just a point that can be made about newspapers. There are a great many industries where there exists a built-in tension between employee wants and customer needs. What's alarming is the degree to which this tension has become slackened in the last decade or so, the way we've



preparing was not new. The idea in that speech reflected cynicism."

The hell they did. To accomplish what he wanted, Perle had to turn the place upside down. Those months-long negotiations, for example, were a luxury the Journal could no longer afford. But when it tried to get him to admit to making such a trade-off, he snarled: "I don't want this to be a less pleasant place to work," he snarled. His conclusion was that it wasn't.

So I ran through the list of his alleged sins. What's more, Mr. Perle himself has brought in numerous outsiders, grafting them onto the Journal's culture in ways that were deeply unsettling to the staff. Didn't you create an Office of the Managing Editor, which created tensions in the newsroom? Didn't you then dismiss and allies, which created even more tension? Isn't it true, as that reporter is under a lot more pressure nowadays, that, as just noted, you want them to turn several news three-page stories in days rather than weeks? For his part, Perle was having none of it.

I look at this list of complaints now, in the cool light of day, and I have to admit it's fairly ludicrous. There is a movement. Can you imagine such a thing? In fact, the Journal newsroom has simply become a lot more like that of most big newspapers, all

of which require daily high on the anxiety meter, but which can hardly be called newsrooms. That the Journal seems more so than most other newspapers is a testament to Perle's ability to retain the one thing about the old Journal culture that truly mattered: the organization's sense of itself as something special.

It would be nice, I suppose, if more people at the Journal understood the way in which Perle had to destroy much of what they loved in order to save the paper. But, really, how many of us can see clearly the nature of our own workplace? How many New Yorker writers understand, even at the late date, that it was precisely the magazine's skewed looking culture—as codified at times in the expense of readers—that so badly damaged one of America's great magazine traditions? How many broke out at J. H. Hines, who honestly laid the coldest deal on Wall Street, making that management's desire to keep their happy at all costs eventually brought down the firm? How many people at IBM view the company's abandonment of its long-entrenched "no layoff" policy not as a necessary response to change, but as a betrayal? How many of us, in the end, are willing to look unflinchingly at the pull that so often exists between our wants as employees and our needs as customers?

What's strange, I think, is that Perle himself is so loath to say anything of this sort out loud. Surely this unwillingness is a testament to the power of the fallacy of reverses. We all now want to work for the company that has the best company gym, the most generous leaves, the most "morning" environment, and we've come to view the companies that promote success as somehow morally superior. During the last fifteen years or so, a substantial sewage industry, spearheaded by Joe Magazine, has grown up around this idea.

At last, the face of horses in Donald Barr, who, when he founded People Express, created one of the most egotistical companies in American history, filled with consultants and team agents and all those good things now missing from The Wall Street Journal. I mentioned Barr to Perle, and mentioned as well Barr's old friend and heir rival, Frank Lorenzo. Perle was quick to sign himself with Barr, and who can blame him? Lorenzo is the most ruthless boss in America. On the other hand, Frank Lorenzo is still running one of the largest utilities in America. Donald Barr sits at home in New Jersey these days, writing his memoirs, trying to figure what to do next with his life, now that his wonderful, morning People Express has been driven out of business. ☐

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into individual differences in pain following acute injury. Beecher served as a doctor with the U.S. Army in World War II. He was so startled by the behavior of soldiers caused him field hospitals with gaping wounds, even with limbs blown off, that he kept careful notes. Only one out of those complained of burning enough to need morphine. By the time he saw them, the wounded men were not in shock, Beecher reported, not even they moaned to get pain, they would groan as loudly as anyone else about a clumsy new procedure for a blood transfusion.

After the war, Beecher checked on civilian patients with accident wounds similar to the war wounds, and found that few out of five had enough to ask for morphine.

"There is no simple, direct relationship between the wound put in and the pain experienced," Beecher concluded. "The pain is in very large part determined by other factors, and of great importance here is the significance of the wound..." "A wounded soldier might feel 'infect, disfigure, or be made alive into the battlefield, even capture...' A civilian might view major surgery as 'a depressing, calamitous event.'"

William Eric, an interdisciplinary bio-psychoanalyst of the physician who study ways of (mis)managing pain, who runs the Pain Management Service at Stanford, told me about the

Beecher study as he scanned up today's growing view that "pain is not one of the senses, such as sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell, but is, rather, an experience."

It can't easily be put aside. The physical parts of a normal nervous system include pain receptors on nerve fibers. They're the triggers of alarms we use for survival. Something's wrong here, take some more. Christian has without pain receptors usually do better, they can grow up, because they learn damaging themselves—they learn through their tongues, get burned, and break their bones without knowing it. But the various ways people register pain after the time alarm, Beecher said, have little to do with nerve endings and "much more to do with environment, culture, and emotion."

So it's "attention plus suffering," in the words of David Spiegel, a Stanford psychiatrist who often works with those—"not only how much damage there is but how much attention you give it." Last year a Spiegel study of women being treated for breast cancer showed that many of those in a support group lived longer than those in a control group, and he made an interesting side observation. Women in the support group learned self-hypnosis to control their chronic pain. After a year, they felt only half as much pain as the controls. There

was no decrease in frequency and duration of pain attacks, but big decreases in levels of pain and amount of suffering. Spiegel's interpretation: "They still had the pain, but it just didn't bother them so much, because they had learned to focus their attention elsewhere."

Did these women raise their thresholds of pain? Not—well, yes. We are, you see, dealing with not just one threshold but four. It's a simple sequence that researchers can measure with tools such as electric shocks or heat. One of the world's chief pain researchers, Ronald Melzack, of McGill University in Montreal, lists it up like: (1) sensation—the level at which a subject or the lab first feels anything at all; (2) pain perception—the level at which the subject says it hurts; (3) pain tolerance—the level at which the subject says he or she can't stand it any longer; or (4) or conceptual pain tolerance—the change, if any, from (3) after extra motivation.

Melzack is convinced that "all people, regardless of cultural background, have a common sensation threshold." Shoppers and American businessmen, given identical shocks, detect them at identical levels. So do Indians, Jewish, Irish, and American women, and across the pain test, it's from there on, at the most those thresholds, that people diverge. The Shoppers reach much

bigger shocks than their Western visitors before saying they hurt. Jewish women, in one experiment worthy of a nation, raised these tolerable levels after hearing that their group included pain worse than others (a lie), while Protestant women didn't.

Pain research began to concern only about fifty-five years ago, and it continues to this day under an awkward constraint. There is no physical quantity for measuring pain, so they use an EEG, pulse, or cell count, so they have to measure people's reports of what they feel. For acute pain (from injury, illness, and other necessary events), a dependable gauge is the Visual Analog Scale (VAS). The left end of a continuous line is labeled "no pain, the right and worst pain imaginable." A patient marks the line to indicate how intense his or her pain is at the moment. Doctors use the VAS to see how their interventions, with drugs or mental exercise, affect their patients' pain.

The VAS isn't very good with chronic pain, partly because there is more than mere sensory to such pain. For that, a highly regarded test is the McGill Pain Questionnaire (MPQ), which Melzack and his colleagues developed in the 1970s. Melzack says no one that you wouldn't describe the visual word "only in terms of lighter/lighter without regard to person, color, and con-

texture." The MPQ adds dimensions of quality with twenty-eight adjectives, such as throbbing, itching, radiating, aching, burning, stabbing.

Occasionally you'll see one of these lines that report on pain points. Goldsmith steps near the top of the charts, with kidney stones, cancer, phantom-limb pain after amputation, chronic back pain, cracked ribs, and no doubt suffering for months right behind. Number one for some problems, though, is the commonest of chronic conditions, a horrible burning pain in the skin from nerve damage. But first, Melzack, and others agree that it makes no sense to try to compare labor pains with any kidney stones, except in the broadest, bald-pate sense. They have different qualities, origins, expected outcomes, and psychological surroundings.

Dick Sheffer's kidney stone noted several in the nerve fibers, not his imagination. The same goes for a woman whose child is scratching the walls of her birth canal. After the worst, each has some say in the ways they deal with the period report on it, ways that vary according to their personalities.

Regarding one ability to tolerate pain, Melzack says, the MPQ shows no difference between men and women. Individual, yes. Gender, no. "You can forget about that one," he says. Brown says, more cau-

tiously, "I don't feel we have established any difference." Regarding differences in the way people express pain, David Spiegel says, "Men are probably more extroverted, actually, than women."

Spiegel has great respect for the way women deal with natural childbirth and chronic pain. Also, he suspects, "Women are better than men at accommodating to sick roles—more graceful at allowing themselves to be cared for. Men need to be that strong and in control of everything or regress and act like two-year-olds." On the other hand, men are "not good some times at focusing away and minimizing."

Sure, we can all benefit from techniques that help with chronic pain. "You want to use it just the message, not stop harboring it."

Spiegel observes: "But to seven pain, you want to say, 'The listening.' You need the alarm. 'It's the typical reaction of a man having a first heart attack is to cause himself that it's indigestion. Many of them actually hit the floor and do push-ups to prove to themselves that they aren't having a heart attack, or they sit around the house saying it's'."

Acute pain means "pay attention. There are ways to cope, but first, your body is trying to tell you something."

And it's not whether you're in control as the Women in your life. **B**

Ah, high tea. It's been part of daily life in Victoria since the mid-1800s, served with refreshing punctuality in such elegant places as the Edwardian-era Empress Hotel. But it's certainly not the only bit of history in British Columbia. There's the haunting legacy of the First Peoples. History carved from spent song to towering totem. In gold rush

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## The Bing Report

# Little House in the Suburb

By Stanley Bing

**Y**OU'D HAVE TO EXPOSE my eyes and the privacy of my vocabulary, because I'm only three years old. My Pa asked me to handle the washing chores this month, because he felt I could best evoke the day-to-day quality of life at our house. He felt, I think, that I would be able to recount things from a literally redolent perspective, one colored by love and the power of a personal myth under construction. It's true I think my father and mother are towering figures of supreme adequacy in virtually every regard. On the other hand, I see everything. What I don't sense you could find in the humor of my Kokosop, the guy who's in the bathtub right now, waiting for my mother to step on him. That's small.

First of all, because I don't drink as much beer as my father, I mean a lot more of what goes on than he does. There is so much I will remember, in fact, about this, my childhood home.

I will remember my Pa at the walls once on Saturday mornings, butter streaming in a sump, bubbling over from the sides of the appliance, running across the counter and onto the floor, the happy fact of the squelchy, sticky orange juice under my socky feet that I spill it for the third time on floor tiles, the gentle face of my mother as, entering colorful impressions, she bends down to clean it up. "I spill my juice," I'd pipe up, "but not tonight!"

"It's all right," Pa would answer, always observing his cottage house, "but it's not great."

Yes, our life out here is a good one, full of peace and accident. The morning my mother like photographs, and the snow days white for days. We're city folk by training, though, so this power thing is still a little strange to me. My Ma and Pa have very little experience with

power. They are very experienced with housework, and had minimal native ability in that area to begin with.

Take our fuse box. It has a lot of fuses in it. Last week the master kitchen went out. I can see my Pa now, sitting at the bench with an expression of total loss on his noble face. Then he starts sweating and uncovers those tiny fuses, so hum-



Pa's at the fuse box, cursing.

Ma's upstairs in the dark.

The littlest Bing tells his tale

bling with the challenges posed by housework, and had minimal native ability in that area to begin with.

Take our fuse box. It has a lot of fuses in it. Last week the master kitchen went out. I can see my Pa now, sitting at the bench with an expression of total loss on his noble face. Then he starts sweating and uncovers those tiny fuses, so hum-

drily was going to run here and a houseful pile of fresh power jugs. "Is that off?" he screams up the stairs to my mother, who waits patiently on the kitchen for the garbage disposal to resume operation. "No!" she bellowed at the way cry she sings when alone in a line. "But the living room lights are out now!" They spend the entire morning like that, my Ma and Pa, until finally Pa runs up the steps and says, "God Was!"

Did I tell you about Was? Was began as our garden, but now he's so much more. It's gotten to the point that whenever anything goes wrong, I ask, "Was you were?" and if you think that's any for a kid who can't pronounce the letter V without quaking, you're mistaken. Was has been here more than, maybe, six or seven times simply to figure out which fuse needs replacing, and that doesn't even count the time my mother called the man from Wapwood to fix the washer-dryer, only to find out that the circuit breaker was in the one position.

Then there's our back. It's real huge. When back on a smoke a nose that seems to right up the stairs and into the sky, where I can't hear it because the TV is on so loud. One night last winter, the boiler broke when my aunt, Lisa, and I were getting ready for our bath. There was no hot water. So Pa went down to see what he could do, and he could do nothing. "I wonder if it could blow up or something," Ma said





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*Tastes the same here as it does over there.  
See Reader Service Card after page 116*



DAVE YOUNG



## Cal Ripken Jr.

WINNING 10

Growing up, I drank a lot of milk. My mom used to say I'd never have a broken bone if I did. It's kind of ironic: It fits into the consecutive games streak I'm in. When people ask my secret, I always think, "I drank milk as a kid." But I don't say it.

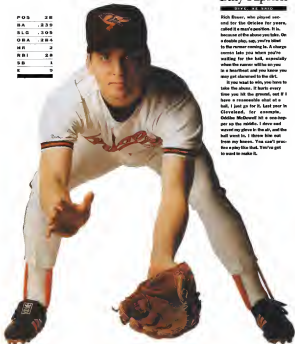
Confidence is what you really need to hit. When I'm in a slump, I go back to square one: a tee on the plate. It's the basics: you against the ball. After I confuse myself I can hit. I go to BP, but the pitcher throws real slow, gradually we add extra speed, and once whatever mechanical or mental flaw I had is gone, and my confidence is back. Of course, it can be shattered again instantly.

BY BOB WHITMAN

POS	SS
BA	.287
SLG	.401
OAA	.317
HR	21
RBI	93
SB	3
E	8



POS	2B
BA	.239
SLG	.308
OBA	.284
HR	2
RBI	28
SB	1
E	0



## Billy Ripken

BY GUY CARL

Rich Brewer, who played second for the Orioles for years, called it a man's position. It is, because of the abuse you take. On a double play, say, you're lined to the runner coming in. A charge comes late you when you're waiting for the ball, especially when the runner will be on you in a heartbeat and you know you may get slammed to the dirt.

If you want to win, you have to take the abuse. It hurts every time you hit the ground, not if I have a reasonable shot at a ball. I just go for it, last year in Cleveland, for example. Odell McDowell hit a one-liner up the middle. I dove and waved my glove in the air, and the ball went in. I threw like out from my knees. You can't practice a play like that. You've got to want to make it.

POS	C
BA	.238
SLG	.508
OBA	.299
HR	26
RBI	63
SB	3
E	2



## Mickey Tettleton

BY GUY CARL

Killing is important, not you win with pitching and defense. That's why a catcher has to know how to deal with pitchers. Some you chew out; others you cut on the back. Sometimes a change of thought can work wonders. Once when I was playing for Oakland, we were in the late innings of a tight game against Toronto. Ronce Mack was on the mound. That day we'd talked about kidnapping my yard, so I said, "What do you think about going home?" He asked me what I thought about the ribbon. I said, "I'm not worried about him, I'm worried about my yard." He said, "Palm trees sound fine." End of conversation. We got out of the inning and won the game.

## Mike Devereaux

UP AGAINST THE WALL

Every outfielder has run-in with the wall. I remember a game against the Texas Rangers, the first inning, a runner on and two outs. We'd just come home from that real trip when we'd lost twelve games, so we really needed to get out of the inning. Herold Beane hit me hard and high. I said to myself, "Oh, man, it's miffs here."

When you drift back, you don't look for the wall; you just get a feeling about where it is. You say, "I'm going to take one more step and jump." You pray, "Please, don't let it be there." So I got the feeling and leaped. I realized Beane's a home run.

Do you want to run into a wall? No. If you jump and the wall isn't there, great. If it is, hey, you took a chance.

## Man Power

PGE	CF
BA	.266
SLG	.374
OBP	.329
HR	8
RBI	48
SB	22
E	8



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# Vargas Llosa Rewrites Peru

Marxist guerrillas,  
a cocaine economy,  
dead politicians.

A nice place to be  
a novelist, but  
who would want to  
be president?

IT COMES AS NO REAL SHOCK to discover Llosa is one of the ugliest towns on earth, but how and why it got that way is instructive. Llosa has its own special ugliness. It isn't pitifully ugly like Barran, which has so grossly misused, not machine-ugly like Detroit. Llosa *wasn't allowed* to ugliness so easily, over centuries. This town's got anything to do with ugliness, Llosa is ugly down to its sediments and for centuries its suburban hills, because for so long Peruvians have been so ugly to one another.

Right now there are several things wrong: the guerrilla war (thirteen thousand dead in nine years), the subsistence economy of society into armed camps, then currency (1,000 percent inflation in 1986), the collapse of skilled labor and capital, and the simple, rotten fact that the one truly dependable source of enterprise—the only business in Peru that only gets better—is farming the endless hillsides.

The Peruvians who stay in Peru are a bit crazed. If they don't have jobs, if they are poor, they walk and sell things. They are called, in fact, *los ambulantes*, the walkers. They hawk the most random array of stuff—plates to come hangars, office equipment, puppets, *Empress of India*, broken silver, rocks—objects that are not really *precious* to *hijos* (children) for the buyer so much as *expensive* the *seller's* imagination there for currency, which is in turn debased by the bank.

And because it is currency they are often, the commodity that people trade most urgently is money. The advantage of a place to a country named for such is that it brings independent thousands of dollars in as the plates that take the pain back to Colombia. These dollars need somewhere to go. They must be *blanqueados*, literally, bleached, in Llosa, where one sees but one from the hills of the jungle wandering around downtown with big paper bags of money to change. The dollars are bought by the *comerciantes*, the most-walking money changers, who in turn sell them to *banqueros* as a hedge against inflation. Peruvians don't normally see their own currency in their own country any longer. It would be worse.



By Guy Martin

THE CENTER OF MONEY IN LIMA is Calle Cerro, just off the Plaza San Martín, where the dollar first hit its own and drew where the rate of exchange is established. Hundreds of cambistas come on and off the curb with their little Green calculators and their wads of cash, accounting pedestrians, trading with each other according to split-second fluctuations in the market. From here the money flows its way out to the hundreds of little cambistas in the neighborhoods.

They are expert people. They have turned the money business into a drug business, which makes much sense. And in the little cambista areas along the particularly clean or fancy ones that run into their stores, as if that at a go, grabbing a door with one hand and showing the calculators and the blocks of cash at the windows with the other, yelling, "Cambiar! Cambiar! Cambiar! Cambiar!"

When I first came to Lima I was greeted by these jacksals hounding me and whenever I was with whom we went. But then I got to like them, because they were honest, I began to distrust them as a sort of charlatans. They told everybody what they really wanted. What they wanted was change.

PERHAPS IT'S JUST the lack of the dollar, the writer's hand, or God's own army at work, but the slogan for the presidential campaign of senior Mario Vargas Llosa—the slogan plastered on billboards and shouted from the rooftops with much vigor for the last few months—is *El Gran Cambio*, The Great Change. On April 6, when, all probability, senior Vargas Llosa is elected president of Peru, he will be the first novelist to lead a country as this hemisphere, and, if he avoids assassination between now and then, he will take office when President Alan García's term expires due July.

The boom of losing a Vargas Llosa as president of this beleaguered country is obvious. Hardcore, virulently, far-sighted, the most famous Peruvian can be a winning ambassador to the leading nations and its potential corporate investors. He has a thoughtful, virile, masculine presence, partly intense, partly a human from his much-lauded years as a novelist and essayist. But the master of his *Gran Cambio* is uncertain. Given the complexity of problems here—the closing of the borders by the current president to keep coca dollars in the country, the assassination of the former defense minister eight weeks ago, the subsequent arrest of fifteen thousand suspects, the thirty-nine Indians who were recently killed and shot to death by the guerrillas whom they refused to join—there is some doubt that

Vargas Llosa will be able to bring about any change at all. He is no Victor Harari, he is not an object of universal adulation, and he has not built up a bank of moral capital by saving in-country, ruling honestly and just in strict opposition to a totalitarian system. For one thing, Peru still has never been able to decide which totalitarian system it prefers, Hitler or Loh, justice or chaos. But the point remains: Unlike Harari, Vargas Llosa has simply not been around. He lived abroad for almost seventeen years, during what might be called the worst of his life: two years in Madrid, seven in Paris, four in England, four in Switzerland, seven in London, where, until his rise in politics began, he spent about six months a year. He is Peruvian, but he is not of Peru. For better and for worse, Vargas Llosa has the unshakable posture of an exile.

That is not the way he sees it. "When I went to Europe I was a Peruvian, but I was also one who dreamt about Europe. There was this myth about Peru. I suppose secretly I wanted to be a European writer, a French writer, someone similar to those authors I admired. I discovered that it was impossible, that I was a Latin American, a novelist, that I was completely submerged in a language. And I discovered that Peru was just a province of something larger and global and historical terms. I discovered Latin America as Europe."

This is clear in his graceful, almost technical prose—the man understands a great deal of the place from which he comes. He is American in that sense, but in the same wonderful peak at the summit of his American origins. The most recent book published in English, *The Storyteller*, has a fully American narrative premise: A methodical Peruvian emile, visiting Florence to restore himself with a whiff of the Renaissance, strolls into a gallery where he finds photographs of the Amazon. Among them is a picture of a lost loved who had, as possibly, posed a tribe of Indians.

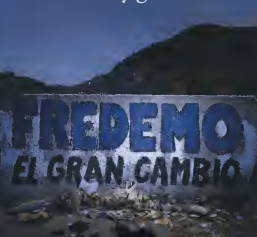
It takes a sophisticated exile to reach such a sophisticated peak, a man conversant with how culture and art move in the world. Vargas Llosa could be called a confessional writer—he's written a fairly like graphic comedy (*Antes del fin del Siglo*), and a recent novel (*El Poder del Suroeste*) that's just out in Spanish. His books, particularly his political novels, like *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta*, are hard-edged, thought out rather than felt out. One exception: García Márquez sitting down to write in a white boat, listening with long ears to a bell-like lingo. Be-

Gay Martin is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

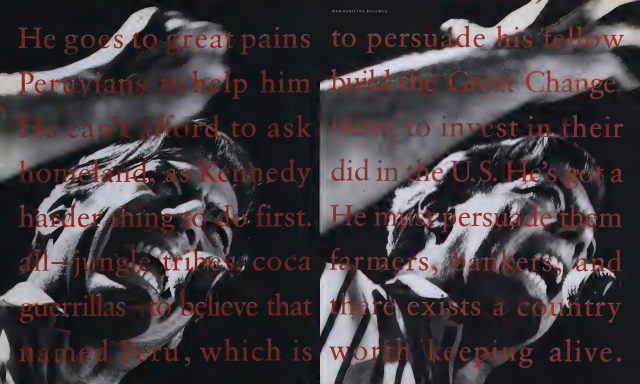


The little money changers spirit after the fancy cars that have left their street, showing the blocks of cash at the windows, yelling, "Cambiar! Cambiar!"

# Dusk in the unchangeable slum of Rimac: Taking the message to the masses, whether they get it or not.







He goes to great pains to persuade his fellow Peruvians to help him build the Great Change. He can't afford to ask them to invest in their homeland, as Kennedy did in the U.S. He's got a harder thing to do first. He must persuade them all—jungle tribes, coca farmers, bankers, and guerrillas—to believe that there exists a country named Peru, which is worth keeping alive.

# At play in the dust of San Juan de Lurigancho. Twelve percent of all Peruvian children die before age five.



head Vargas Llosa's books the reader finds a cool, heavy presence at work in a prose filled out with a sort of world-mystery's touch.

He was not born to a family of great wealth but to one of good order, in the Andean city of Arequipa, in the south, in 1926. They moved to Belén a few months after he was born. Family life was untroubled, chiefly as a result of his father, who left his mother alone, remained, then left again. Vargas Llosa's own later fights with his father never really stopped.

He attended military school and university in Lima, then did his graduate work in Madrid, where he has his husband in his name in 1971, at twenty-nine. He was married at the time to Julia Ugidos, who had been his tutor by marriage and who would become the heroine of the espionage novel. They moved to Paris and were separated, after which he stayed in Europe, becoming a writer. He then married his first cousin, Patricia, whom he had known since he was a child. In 1974 he returned to Peru for his first real stay since 1951.

The decision to run for the presidency was by no means automatic, but it was not foreign to him. In 1965, during the conservative Belaunde presidency, Vargas Llosa headed a panel in organizing the massacre of right Peruvian politicians at the hands of some Andean Indians who mistook them for guerrillas, and in the last year of this government, in 64-65, Belaunde asked him to be prime minister. He declined.

"I have always thought that political parties and politicians were unimportant," he explains. "And I have always had great repugnance for politics, it is a very despicable kind of activity. I think nothing is so degrading as an individual, but if you have been defending something and suddenly the circumstances are favorable, I think it would be natural for me to say, 'Yes, yes, I stay in my shade.'"

Aside from such and Vargas Llosa's books, one of Peru's main exports is talented, smart, misused people. By chance, some misused ones, I met a group of young Peruvian elites in London. They felt that Vargas Llosa, who will be giving the country a couple of good strong doses to the Right, would start a civil war. They were (naturally) concerned about his interest in his Marquis Thatcher. In addition to keeping his eyes open in London, he has set all of his children at school there, and the mother (nearly) lived with the P.M., so Thatcherism is not some abstract anglophile prejudice on his part. It is genuine anglophilia. What worried the Peruvian elites was how the modernist

Thatcherite approach to everything—economics, education, foreign policy—would work in Peru.

Latter politicians in Lima echo the consensus of the elites. The first at home is not so much of Vargas Llosa as that of the military, and now there may be a deal struck between the two, given his announcement that he will take active charge of the army. If he comes out the general idea of the

plans except by military means—and that is more than likely to be the case—the theory is that the fighting will escalate evenly at that point when the planned social cutbacks begin, bordering on the barbaric and thus making war. To fight drugs he'll have to rely on William J. Bennett and American arms. He will not be able to attract foreign investment, social change and economic aid under control. "You see," says one opponent, "it's going to be very hard for him not to do it deep."

This is the most radical expression of a fairly common view of criticism. It began when Vargas Llosa's Liberalist movement and its political umbrella, the Democratic Front (Frente), incorporated the party of former right-wing president Fernando Belaunde. Sendero Luminoso



The new village on the hill in the sand-covered, often on top of the garbage heaps of the old village. You can tell the aged a place by the brightness reflects the stars.

move, the "Shining Path" Maoist guerrilla group, began its terror campaign under Belaunde in 1980. A rather dense old man, Belaunde ignored the situation in the provinces, and when it was positively too late, he let the army have free rein. A lot of people got arrested and killed.

Don't trust the prodigal son? It is a critical question. The people who trust him least are the poor, who do not know where to trust, having just come off a twenty-year roller coaster binge that has torn the country in the hands of Belaunde, a Marxist priest, the odious Belaunde again, and finally, a redneck socialist. Vargas Llosa sees in it a waste of time. He is, incidentally, a very brave man, putting his family, his work, and his life on play.

It remains severely strange that he is a nobody—one who writes with no passing irony about sex, drink, the power of history. He uses the Latin American tradition of intellectuals being more intimately involved with the political process, and he has had his own political disappointments, from anti-gay school order to Marxist university student, to discreditable socialist, to Thatcherism. The presidency was not handed out to a pack of professional politicians who needed a lion. He wanted it, he thought it necessary, and when he'd converted his highly reflective wife and himself, he was handed into it with what can only be called a kind of desperation. But a romantic tragedy, even for Peru.

"I couldn't write a long book now," says Vargas Llosa,



The Indians walk around downtown with big sacks of money to change. Drugs have turned the money business into a drug business, which makes for much urgency.

shocking. "I have not the...disposition?" He admits he might have a story to tell and adds, "Well, that's all I survive, of course." Then he laughs and shrugs, as if he were an old Jew.

There has been no real equivalent in our country—not the doomed, wacky leftist/Indian campaign for the New York mayoralty in the 1960s, not even Hassan Thaçi's gun-rage bid for the Aspen sheriff's seat. Perhaps it's useful to imagine an American analogue: a literary statement of the high middle ground, racialist but certainly not xenophobic, tweedy, sane, sober, someone from *The New Yorker*, let's say, a white man with conservative inclinations of John Hersey and John Updike. Now let's imagine Henry Urdabe Serrano has been up to his shoulders daily in the Peruvian mud of the Nixon White House.

ALL IT TAKES OUT, Vargas Llosa isn't in much danger of getting a civil war, because Peru already has one. A few days before I arrive in Lima, the residents of a shantytown called Centro Grande wake up to find landmines from Sendero Luminoso calling for a pure armistice, an "armed strike." This means a strike, a disruption of normalcy, wrapped in a not-so-veiled threat of violence if normalcy is interrupted. Sendero's goal is to end the armed cease-fire in 100 days, twelve days away, and so the threat of the pure armistice could be translated as: "We'll do this now, and later, of course, we reserve the right to tell you if you wait!"

Finally, when landmines go to the trouble of asking people to stop working, people pay close attention. Henry Pizarro, the United Left's Lima mayoral candidate, calls for a city-wide "March for Peace" on the same day, to protest against terrorism. Vargas Llosa says publicly, to some surprise and consternation in his camp, that he will attend. Then, as a result of his celebrity more than any other politician in town jumps on the bandwagon and the *March for Peace* becomes a political necessity.

Earlier Sendero is offended that it is being so openly and so quickly defied, and it's just the right revolutionary moment for some reason, but at least two days before the March for Peace, inevitably, about twenty-five thousand Senderoists march with banners and guns in La Victoria district. It is machine-gun fire for the otherwise observer-bystander-dominated Sendero, the behavior of a thirtysix bully. The march is interrupted by the police. These people are killed, twenty-three wounded. The police take this provocative opportunity to clean up a few trouble spots around town and detain four thousand people.

I arrive in Lima the following day, as the Day of the Dead. In Peru it's quite a celebration, especially on the mountains, where families take picnics to the graveyards to visit with their ancestors. Lima is quiet, but it's light of what has happened, most of the people I speak with say they think they may not make it to the *March for Peace*.

THE DAY OF THE MARCH FOR PEACE comes up gray and foggy and flat, with the hint of a chill that one gets here in the early spring. There are few cars on the streets, but no buses, and a number of shops and offices are closed. This march of the pure armistice is working. The police helicopters pil-

otage over the march routes can be heard from very far away, their constant changing path as they attempt to pull off their dangerous maneuvers. They sound like bad news.

About three thousand people are milling around in the Plaza Jorge Chavez when Vargas Llosa swings up with Pizarro and a few aides and bodyguards in his bulletproof navy-blue Volvo 740 GLE. His reputation as a snappy dresser is well deserved. He wears about \$40,000 worth of *Sauvage* Row's finest worsted. He is instantly mobbed, and his security men, locked and loaded, throw themselves into a conga. The crowd presses him, the bodyguards press back, and in an instant this fashion, crêpe-like, in the center of one person with, say, sixty legs, that he moves to the head of the Avenida General Bolognesi to start the March for Peace.

He is an extremely handsome man, and the women leaning out of the windows of the old apartment buildings lining the avenue know it. He has a heated zone, an obsession about which he is regularly sensitive, that he looks as if it were made of old silver, and teeth, bared out squinted eyes. It is the profile of a prince, a being who apprehends things. He stands rather formally, a host at a reception, greeting the politicians who have come to march with him inside the circle of bodyguards. The march slowly builds around this core, about eight thousand people in all.

It takes two hours to cover the five blocks to the Plaza Grau, which is held by thousands of leftists of Henry Pizarro's (U) (Popularista Union, the United Left), and some equally rowdy demonstrators by the other parties. There was to have been a wave of a lance, and above all no speeches, but the megaphones are at full blast. There are twenty thousand people in the plaza. It is a nightmare of free speech.

Vargas Llosa's first major mission for the Grau moment itself, whose several hundred 80 supporters already stand cheering, is he going to touch the monument? Is he going to make a speech? A police helicopter dips overhead, apparently on the theory that the march is turning into a riot. It does look like a riot. Vargas Llosa is taking some looks even inside the tight screen of his bodyguards, but somehow they manage to work up to the monument's base. One away shock of his Italia across his forehead from the others, but the rain is still admirably crisp. It would be ludicrous to attempt the moment of silence.

It's hard to say whether this is an expression of the health of the Peruvian democracy or its death rattle. A few people around Vargas Llosa begin to sing the national anthem. It is impossible to hear, all it does is make noise noise. Vargas Llosa crouches around to the north side of the monument, where he meets Henry Pizarro in the crowd. They embrace softly, like men, and then, as a Peruvian socialist with an English name, the other's Thatcherite circle in an English suit.

"HOW DID YOU LIKE THE MARCH?" Vargas Llosa asks lightly, sinking into his saucer-front parker overlooking the Pacific. "It was very peaceful, didn't it?"

He's very quick and pedantic with his questions, and he's a father who prides in his wife and his eldest son. Above—of adding a little verbal irony to give him a little observational, a way of letting the listener shoulder a part of

## THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO PLAY TENNIS.





In each doorway hangs a bottle of apple "champagne" called Esperanza. Vargas Llosa breaks them, jumping out of the way as the wine pours over the thresholds.

his point. In fact the march was peaceful, so the sense that no one opened up on the crowd with automatic weapons.

That's what he means. "We are very afraid here," he says. "The march worked against that. You didn't put out the army everywhere, you saw the people, and given the fact that Sendero had called a strike, I thought it would be much smaller. That wasn't everything, but it's something."

Having shed the war, his European skin, his looks much more South American than he did in the Plaza Cona, where finally, a when there should have been a riot, Sendero's leader He came reading glasses and a Cuban pen in his shirt pocket, as if he had just come from his desk. He is a very thin fifty-four years old, he stands about five seven and is by all reports friendly and extremely disengaged, eschewing alcohol, and running with his wife and a few security guards every morning on the cliffs above the Pacific.

His multi-jacketed lieutenant, Jorge, brought an unusual vase, which Vargas Llosa says came from the night of the 1980. We talk a bit about *The Time of the Hero*, his last novel, a beautifully rendered story of a murder and a suicide in a military school, but he soon ends that conversation. One reason that the novel, especially those about revolutionaries—*The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* and *The War of the End of the World*—are his really challenge him now. He shrugs. "We hope my tradition chooses the correct completely not the correct. Which is a good thing. I think to have chosen it here in the world would have been disastrous."

This week's path has been at 4.5 percent of the vote, a solid 40 points ahead of his nearest competitor, Alejandro Bermúdez, but Vargas Llosa and his strategists don't want to screw up the stretch run. To help them not screw up, they have hired the mass-media political consultant Mark Malloch-Brown, of Sawyer/Miller, in New York, whose clients include Cory Aquino and Simon Peres. They're doing Malloch-Brown on about every two weeks.

Vargas Llosa says straight out, "It's terrible, politics, abhor it is so... so serious, so deadly serious, without humor. The problem with politics is that when you enter, you think it is about ideas, or imagination, or some kind of cultural model that you want to implement, but then you realize, it is just maneuvering on a very small scale. Speculation! Compromise! Surrender!" And language is deeply hurt. "I am trying to keep two or three hours a day, in the morning, to read, to reflect about why I am doing this. Instead of just a blind fight for power, which is a very sadistic thing."

Three years ago, President Alan García gave a speech in which he declared his surprise in a somewhat verbally very financial situation in Peru. Vargas Llosa was then on vacation. After a couple of days' brooding, he decided to publish a critique of the plan. It met with tremendous success, culminating in a rally of a hundred thousand people in Lima in July 1993. Vargas Llosa rose to the occasion and gave a grand and biting speech, considered now to be the birth of the man as a politician.

"I try to express my utopian drives," Vargas Llosa says, "but I have come to rare convictions recently. One is that my generation will live to see the end of the Marxist notion of socialism on earth. The second is, for the first time I sense

a kind of cultural freedom on a world scale. It's pessimistic, of course, as cultural freedom is meant to be. But if it's there. Now, that doesn't sound too much like utopia, does it?"

PERU HAS SUFFERED an internal hemorrhage for the last twenty years, a oneness to the coast triggered by the rapid land reform in the Sierr. Now the migration continues because of the war. Having no other place to go, waves of refugees crowded camps on waste ground, and these have become the vast, politically borderless shantytowns that surround every city in the country. They are called *pueblos jóvenes*, the young towns. Residents call them, rather more proudly, *comunidades humanas*, settlements of humans.

New ones are founded every day, a result of overcrowding in older ones. The refugees buy some meat, one of which they build their houses, and as the spot of a day the village of X will have been dug into the sand, usually on what had been the garbage dump of the former town. You can tell the age of a pueblo from the degree of brightness left on the waste houses.

Sendero recognizes the *pueblos jóvenes* as breeding grounds of revolutionary dissent and snags up the young and angry by the dozens. These towns are the real political battleground of Peru. No government has ever truly addressed the problem, and so the future looks as bad from this angle as it does from any other. If the drug traffickers and the bourgeoisie can't choke the life out of Peru, then the *pueblos jóvenes* will make it into a sea of black and dead and strow.

These are hard places for a trouble-maker, for-market politicians like Vargas Llosa to visit. He's got to tell the notion of peace and prosperity at the same time that he prepares everybody for their best reach the peace and prosperity to go on. He Vargas Llosa's Liberal movement plans money for good works into the *pueblos jóvenes*, and today, right before the municipal elections, he is to visit a district called San Juan de Lenguaque. "We've got to make Muro more accessible to the lower classes," says campaign manager Freddie Cooper Murillo.

San Juan de Lenguaque is a very rough part of Lima, it was the site of last week's post-armed announcement by Sendero, and the site of a bloody prison riot in 1981, in which some three hundred inmates were killed. I am put in a car with four of Vargas Llosa's gaudy bodyguards, who decide that he hangs on and put them between their legs, in case they need that extra nonverbal of defense time. We are there in the backseat, with a rally North Korean AK-47s wedged behind us against the door. "When I ask the milk, one fellow says loudly, 'It's a piece of shit.'"

The police have been informed of the vote, and have assigned a fifty-jacketed platoon of officers to provide the first line of defense. The first stop is Cusco Chico, where a secondary school built by Liberalist is opening. Cusco Chico, an extension for a few years, is semi-rural. The school is a flat-roofed two-room building with a dirt yard on the western edge of town, where the mountains are visible. Every people stands in the door in the town's religious, around on either side of the Vargas Llosa. But when it is his turn to speak, Vargas Llosa talks about violence. "These



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Air Tech Challenge II



The guerrillas call for a strike to coincide with the mayoral elections in Huancayo. The police call for a curfew. Thirty-five bombs go off in Huancayo.

of thousands of Peruvians marched last week to demonstrate in favor of life, of peaceful coexistence, and against the imposition of the rules of fire and blood," he says. In each classroom doorway hangs a bottle of apple "champagne" called *esperanza*. He breaks them with a hammer, jumping out of the way as the wine pours over the threshold.

The census poles across the valley lead to the village of Cuzco Grande and San Pedro. It's difficult to see distant what the people scruffily feel about this wronging. Here comes a fellow asking for coca, but he, correctly, doesn't feel comfortable, so the police send it twenty centaveros (people who stand on the sides of the houses and jockstrap through the town). There, in a great cloud of dust, some very fancy can't find a hair and a glowing finger emerges, a man with silver hair and Spanish eyes. Spanish eyes mean something here—that he is cool, that he is the richest, a white man. The men with green gloves are a little different, which is the permission for going to Cuzco to see the ruins. They have a statue in the local cathedral and we're told there must be no more violence. Then he goes back in his helicopter out, the phalanx of men with gold on the perimeter, and the whole show comes off with the dust swirling and someone in the dust sees it.

but they have been injured, however patronizing or pitiful the arrangement. These places are so poor that it is practically impossible not to seem patronizing. After a while in the poorer houses it becomes possible to read the material strains of class, so tell the difference between the simple poor, the very poor, and the rock-riding poor. If the children have actual playthings, sticks or balls, they are simple poor. If they are playing with pieces of garbage made into playthings, then they are very poor, and if they are not playing at all but just standing near the door or in a pile of sticks, it would be wise to find these children some toys.

The rule of the park is justice is that of the Park Found. The further out you go, the tougher they get. The final step is San Juan de los Rios, the toughest of them all. Edward is passing a soccer field here, a job that is almost finished. The sporting fields are reasonably paved with concrete or asphalt, because there is no earth in such. There is dirt or rock.

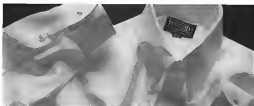
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MEXICALTLA HAS JUST RETURNED to Lima from a busy afternoon touring through his hometown of Anacapa, five hundred miles to the south. It was a Mitt Romney of the 1980s in machos, colorizing his colorful local landscapes. He was a crowd of right-handed in the place near the sea, which he clearly liked going. In crop, grapes and a clean blue shirt, he sits in his garden on the same couch facing the ocean. It is an estate, white-washed room, still consciously modern, dominated by a dark abstract painting by Peruvian Fernando de Sordani. The cushions, made of coarsest linen with white, are like modernist slats with beige cushions. In front of the cushions, a long glass and a small coffee table with an open, recently mailed on his of

This is not a comfortable room, and the longer you sit in it the more you become convinced that it was not meant to be comfortable. It is surely barren, and very pretty—where Vera Liss and her wife receive the endless stream of supplicants these days—but there is surprisingly little personality or personal history on display, no books of art, no reference to literature at all, and absolutely no evidence of family. It could be the office in a suite of a smart hotel.

"I started very young, you know, with politics, here as a student," he says. "That was why I joined San Marcos University. San Marcos was not so revolutionary as it is today, but it was still quite liberal. My family wanted me to go to Catholic University, which was more middle class. But we entered the Communist party at my first year, which was on a background of course, because this was the time of Gamaliel Chedoke. So for a while I was a student."

Her sense of humor is self-inflicted as a young husband and can't completely stop. "My comrades were very few and far between," he explains. "I remember my first argument about social realism, which I attacked because of the influence of Solzhenitsyn. I think Boris—the Blazov—saw me from becoming a real Stalinist. I was shown in big fights because I submitted 'deviant works.' Gals, for instance. God was ... what did they call him? *El estropeado de la cultura*. The stardom of



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SMOKE EYE

# Road Scholars

Pass the tin snips,  
boys: Charles Morgan  
and his band of  
craftsmen build cars  
by hand, not for  
comfort but for joy.

By Bill Bryson

**Stop-ies:**  
Charles Morgan,  
grandson of  
the motorist  
English inventor  
who founded  
the firm, gives  
his Plus 8 a  
deserved rest.

THE MORGAN PLUS 8 ROADSTER generates 100 brake horsepower at 4,750 rpm and 170 pound-feet of torque at 4,000 rpm. I confess I have no idea what that means, but I can tell you that to ride in a Morgan at speed on narrow country lanes is an experience that merges exhilaration and terror in roughly equal measure. The sensation is of being shot from a cannon. If you can imagine having a heart attack and enjoying it, you have some idea of what the experience is like.

Charles Morgan, the dashing young heir apparent to the company, took me for a spin through the English countryside in his old Plus 8. On roads that dropped and climbed like a hair-raising roller coaster over the Wancasterline land scape, we barreled along at speeds that seldom took below seventy-five and seemed generally content to stoney. Other vehicles on our side of the road loomed

up, were passed, and were half a mile behind us, often in the same instant. I was constantly put in mind of the sort of cars they used to drive in Looney Tunes cartoons—the kind that bend when they go around curves, stretch on takeoff, snap back to normal upon stopping, and generally defy the known laws of physics, gravity co-opted. The feeling was surreal.

Mr. Morgan, who used to race Morgans with considerable flair and dominance, turned unacquainted with the brakes. Whenever we crested a hill to find ourselves about to smack into the back of a truck or some similar impediment, he would swing into the wheel lane with a fractional adjustment of the steering wheel, evidently unfamiliar with the American expression



"head-on collision," and continue talking in his dulcet, phlegmatic way about the virtues and deficiencies of his beloved automobile. Or, to be more precise, he would continue shouting—nervous nervous being one of the car's aboriginal deficiencies.

"Some people complain about the suspension," he yelled at me over the racket. "They say the ride is too lumpy. But that's the whole point. You'll feel the road in a Morgan I have driven in other cars where you scarcely do not know that you are about to lose control. You don't sense the road is slipping away from you—which is a powerful car is really quite a dangerous thing."

Morgans are famously uncomfortable for long periods. There is not a lot of legroom or hiproom (you don't so much climb into your seat as mold yourself) and even less headroom. The heater is relatively primitive, the windows leak air, and the buffeting noise at cruising speeds when the top is up is reminiscent of being in a riot on a cliff in a hurricane. But driving Morgans is not about comfort. It is about joy.



MORGAN IS the I watched with a kind of awe classic British

muscle, sprouting no features that have not been seen on many other makes of car for fifty years—a wooden frame, running boards, large round headlights, leather head straps, louvered vents, and above all that rickety, swaying, heartbreakingly elegant grille. It looks precisely like one of the great 1930s sports cars. In fact, it is one of the great 1930s sports cars.

While the rest of the world has been hurtling in a hell-for-leather fashion toward the end of the twentieth century, the workers at Morgan have been quietly, patiently, and sometimes shockingly building the same wonderful car. Apart from some technological improvements like rack and pinion steering, the car they produce today is basically indistinguishable from the first Morgan 4/4 of 1936. As Charles Morgan, grandson of the founder and now production manager, puts it: "This car lies in the face of every technological advance in the last thirty years."

That isn't altogether true, but it is a fact that each Morgan is still hand built at the company's factory in Great Malvern, about a hundred miles northwest of London. You cannot take the doors off one Morgan and put it on another.

as two men in white  
aprons took a flat  
sheet of metal, bent  
it into the rounded  
shape of a hood panel,  
and, by hand, cut  
thirty-three identical  
louvered vents.



Most first-time visitors to the factory expect it to be a kind of glorified assembly operation, holding together components supplied by outsiders. But Morgan makes almost the entire car on site, including such mundane items as brake cylinders and brake drums, fuel tanks, radiators, inner grilles, and pedal assemblies. These are produced by craftsmen using skills and tools of a craftsman staggering vintage lobby. The hand rollers used to shape the metal skin of the car, for instance, were installed at the factory in 1927.

The people at Morgan like to tell you that the factory hasn't really been standing still for the last half century. The Morgan of 1936 and the Morgan of today may look almost identical to the untrained eye, but a great deal of change has taken place inside the car. Morgans are stronger, stiffer, more reliable than they were even a few years ago. Hundreds of small improvements have been quietly incorporated, from new piping on the chassis to a more deep-section joint. "In the whole car there is only one thing, the inner wheel arch, that hasn't been changed or modified in some way since the original," says Charles Morgan.

It takes the company's hundred or so production workers about three months to build one Morgan, though upwards of a hundred cars are on the go at any one time in the factory's eight workshops. Only about 300 are made each year. Three types of car, all using the same basic body but different engines, are built: the venerable 4/4, so called because it has four cylinders and four wheels (both wheels may seem something of a given on an automobile, but, in fact, before 1936 all Morgans were three-wheelers), the more powerful Plus 4, and the top-of-the-range Plus 6.

Every Morgan starts life as a simple steel chassis onto which is built a surprisingly sturdy wooden frame using 76 pieces of smooth, hand-shaped oak.

Bill Bryson is the author of *The Lost Continent*, and *Mother Tongue: English and How to Get There*, to be published in July by William Morrow and Co. This is his first article for *Engineer*.

For more  
on  
Morgan for  
thirty-five years, see  
the man  
who knows the car's  
old-time shape.

William Richardson,  
a long-time reference of  
the firm, and  
the latter on which  
he mentions  
Plus 4 wheel hubs.







► Brian Cole (early years), who assembles structural systems and fits them to the cars, steps far back.

Ernest Hall (early-eight years), the workshop foreman, holding one of the scores of parts of the Morgan's all-weather frame.

(just given fat four-wheelers). Almost every piece is curved, there is scarcely a straight line anywhere in the car. The wooden frame is then covered with a thin skin of hand-worked aluminum sheet. And that's about it—though to put it so bluntly does a gross injustice to the craftsmanship involved.

I watched with a kind of astonished awe at two men in white aprons took a flat sheet of aluminum, deftly bent it into the rounded shape of one of the two hood joints, naturally pressed out there the inherent burrs, used sand, and then turned it over to another worker who fanned for thirty minutes with newspapers—inspired, getting the hood to fit the car in his own satisfaction.

With no sound drawings, no snapping laminates, and sweating workers, the Morgan factory has more an air of Sassi's workshop than of an industrial workplace. And, indeed, for a long part of the production process the developing Morgan does look disarmingly like a child's toy, albeit a large and expensive one, the sort of thing you would expect a Saudi prince to buy his son for his tenth birthday. In fact, Morgans are anything but toylike. They may look scantly mechanical; and tiny, but they go like a rocket. As *The Wall Street Journal* noted, "In a race, Morgans can leave Corvairs, Ferraris, and turbocharged DeSous 260-Zs in the dust. They have been scraped-up Ferraris off the starting line." Actually, they can do rather better than that. The Morgan Plus 6, with its fuel-injected Rover-V8 engine, has a top speed of 122 miles an hour (140 if you take the front windshield off and don goggles, as they like to do in Germany). It goes from zero to 60 in 5.4 seconds, and from zero to 100 in 16.4 seconds, which makes it spicier than either a BMW M3 or a Porsche 911 Turbo. It will even go most to most with a Ferrari Testarossa from 1974 to the rules as laid, before the latter's remarkably greater power has it pull away.

The Morgan Motor Company has been a family firm since it was set up in 1904 by one H.F.S. Morgan, the brilliant, inventive, motor-mad son of a well-to-do Anglican clergyman. Young Morgan originally had no in-

vention of becoming **Morgans look anachronistic** and tinny, but they go like a rocket. The Plus 6 has a top speed of 122 miles an hour, 140 if you take off the windshield and don goggles, as they like to do in Germany.

session of becoming a manufacturer. He simply took a three-wheeled runabout, which eventually became known (not altogether surprisingly) to the Morgan Runabout. Tragic accident it, asked him to build them one, and before long he was manufacturing them in considerable numbers. By the early 1920s Morgan was one of the biggest car companies in Britain, producing fifty cars a week, far more than any producer now. From the beginning, Morgan was known for their lightness and top, and the company began to claim all kinds of speed records—including fifty separate ones during one memorable five-month period in 1930. The three-wheeler had two in front, one in back, and by all accounts was a sensational little car.

continued in production until 1950, but it was in 1951, with the introduction of the celebrated 4½ roadster—also designed by the endlessly innovative H.F.S.—that our story really begins.

Today the company is run by Peter Morgan, son of H.F.S., who took over upon his father's death in 1953, and by his son, Charles. Both Morgans are relaxed and friendly and have the contented air of people who have found an



currently agree. **From a business-school point of view, the firm does practically nothing right. It has failed to diversify, expand, automate, maximize its profits, indeed, has failed to do everything except succeed.**

Charles Morgan, who is thirty-eight, looks as if he shouldn't be back behind a desk. In point of fact, for most of his working life he hasn't been. Before joining the family firm in 1983, he was a consultant for the British cow service IFA, dating off to mobile from all over the world. He spent three months behind the lines with mujahideen rebels in Afghanistan and was a member of the first film crew to reach the crash site after the abortive 1980 rescue attempt of American hostages in Iran.

Today he works from an air-conditioned office with plasterboard walls, two battered filing cabinets, and a desk of concrete slabs topped with vacuumed chipboard. Overhead from a cordboard box hangs one corner. The view through the door is of the parts department. A shelf from a few trophies and assorted photographs and posters commemorating past Morgan glories,



there is nothing to indicate that the occupant of this office possesses one of the great motors in motoring.

Almost invisibly, the Morgan Motor Company today is the oldest surviving independent car manufacturing company in the world. As recently as the early 1930s Britain was still the biggest car exporter on the planet. One by one the Morgan family has watched the great British motor manufacturers be absorbed into larger corporations or more quietly laid away. *Armstrong Siddeley*, *Triumph*, *MG*,  *Bentley*, *Aston*, *Daimler*, *Rolls*, *Swallow*, *Rover*, *Lotus*, *Aston Martin*, and now, *Jaguar*. Morgan's quiet survival against such a backdrop is nothing less than astonishing. From a Harvard Business School point of view, the company has done almost nothing right in its seventy-eight years of existence. It has, for the most part, failed to innovate or expand, failed to diversify, failed to change its product line, failed to race to the stock market for new capital, failed to maximize its profits by picking up pieces. It has, in short, failed to do everything except succeed.

"We've always tried to stay small," says Peter Morgan. "We've never in our mind allowed ourselves to expand, which I think was the wisdom of a lot of British car companies. And we've kept our prices reasonable."

At one time, the list price for a three-seater Morgan 4/4 in Britain is £10,149 (roughly \$16,300), and the top all-the-range Plus 8 goes for just £3,115 (about \$5,100). By comparison, a Porsche 944 Turbo delivers similar performance costs British about twice as much. People who could only dream of owning a Porsche, not to mention a Ferrari or Maserati, can actually buy a Morgan—or at least they could if Morgan could produce them fast enough. The demand for Morgans is always vastly greater than the supply. At the moment, thanks to an uncharacteristically warm winter in Britain in 1988, the waiting list there has stretched to ten years. "People are somebody in a Morgan drive by with the top down and think, 'Gosh, I'd like one of those, and the waiting list seems up,'" says Charles Morgan. "In just the space of five minutes, it went from five years to ten years."

Charles Morgan  
thirty-eight  
(thirty-four years),  
who joined  
the firm fresh  
from school.

← Steve King  
has joined the  
point on his  
pilot car to his  
new shop.





David Conover  
fourteen years, a  
quality inspector,  
prepares to fix a  
faulted car his  
boss repairs.

Peter Morgan,  
both in the founder,  
father-in-law,  
and headman, in the  
assembly shop.

For Morgan has also known periods of extraordinary drought, particularly in the late 1990s, when the styling looked dated but not sufficiently enough to arouse nostalgia. "I remember one year," Peter Morgan recalls, "when we had a stand at the East's Court Motor Show [the main automobile trade fair in Britain] and not a single person stopped to talk to us."

"It was only America that saved the car," Morgan recalls. There is a certain partial story in that, because today Americans make up almost half of the company's production, with the United States, but the first Clean Air Act, in 1963, and other subsequent regulatory restrictions made it almost impossible to sell Morgans to their most enthusiastic buyers.

The American market would almost certainly have died altogether had it not been for a determined young Californian named Bill Fink, who fell in love with Morgans while studying at the University of Oxford and decided, upon returning to the States, to see if Morgans couldn't be adapted to meet the more stringent requirements. He decided they could—though at a cost he formed a company, BBS Imports of San Francisco, that since 1973 has been the sole American distributor. BBS sells about two dozen Morgans a year, according to Fink. To do so, it went put each new Morgan through a hundred hours of modifications—fixing different linkages, adjusting the height of the lights, increasing the rear- and side-impact crush strength, installing different swivel seats and different seat belts, putting different markings on some of the materials. But the big change is that to meet emission standards the car is fitted with a proper fuel system. "It actually improves the performance and extends the life of the engine," Fink says. "You get a much better throttle response, which more than makes up for a marginal loss of power." BBS sells the 414 for \$48,000 and the Plus 8 for \$55,000. (It doesn't sell the Plus 4.) The good news is that no wrong lot in America only on to seven models.

But the future for Morgan in America is far from secure. The latter blow

is the law requiring that all new cars Morgan has been granted a three-year dispensation to overcome the problem, but it's not simply a matter of buying air bags and fitting them into each car. "For an air bag to work, it must push away the steering column," says Charles Morgan, "but because of the way the engine's mounted in our cars, there's no place for the steering column to retreat."

The company continues to export about 90 percent of its output, but these days the cars go primarily to West Germany, Japan, Italy, France, and Spain. There are Morgan fans all over. "We sold one to Big Jim Fox and one to Uniqore," says Derek Day, the sales manager. "There are even two on the Falkland Islands. We've had several buyers fly halfway around the world just to pick out their colors"—Morgan offers thirty thousand separate shades of body paint—"and then come back again later to watch their cars being built. It's a funny thing, because people often don't take that kind of interest in their own children."

That's true enough. But their children don't require too much in a wrong lot, either. ■





WOMEN WE LOVE

## WINONA RYDER

**THE OUTFIT IS NOT HERE:** Now is the glamorous gum lipstick, the cowboy, the poet, the attitude Winona Ryder—not even the name is hers. They belong to a photographer, a press agent, two Green-up-like Rachel dolls, this girl who only put out her hair for money. You can see that she's scared, but in the who-ami-IT, a real sedition in the trashy women.

A beauty like Catherine Deneuve makes you want to corrupt; a beauty like Winona's makes you want to consume—to devour at once as a mind, chest to recognize your own. How tempting to see in those blue eyes, so that fresh and perfect skin, the start of the ride, the crystal of corruption. She's pure now, yes, but give her time, all she's had to endure a bad marriage, alcohol, liposuction, a star on Mulberry Square ("Winona Ryder in black?") Jeany: see her snoring to America is some distant late-night conscience about her latest man, then, appearance as Bob Hays, that is—another woman's appearance by someone else.

You're too old, too married, to be looking out at this cinema. Why is it that you can't just enjoy with her her youth, her beauty, her roller-coasting success, her flavor all-the-moment, but... moment? Why can't you immerse some mindfully beautiful and be her friend? But then look in her eyes once more and you see the void. The vulnerability you thought you saw is just part of the costume. Forget and you are the gleamy aesthetic of hard knowledge she put on that face, that pose, because she knew how you would react. She never wanted your friendship. Identify she is saying, "Your desire makes me strong." Though she is new to her power, she knows what it can do and how far she can go with it. Her mother may know too. And then rich too. Retain her conscience, but don't believe it, like a Hollywood, success is just another way to get ahead.

BY POUATANGA



# IS IT TIME TO GET OUT?

Ask not for whom the career clock tolls—just find a way to turn the damn thing off

By Lisa Grunwald

## 1 CAUGHT BETWEEN A CLOCK AND A HARD PLACE

Four o'clock in the afternoon

The reading hour

A pounding starts in your head that is both painful and numbing and, for the purposes of this article, completely misplaced.

This pounding represents the cumulative effect of too many

challenges, concerns, ambitions, desires, failures, frustrations, worries, unpaid invoices, unpaid bills, and lost expense account slips. It represents, in short, what you've been doing with your work life, and what your work life has been doing to you.

Your eyes glaze and wander and dim, with chilling accuracy, the last correspondence on your office wall. You sigh. You enter the phone cord at, worse than

that, make a mental note to get around to it.

It's just that you're unhappy. You probably have too much pride for that. It's just that you can't help wondering what the hell you are doing here.

A lot of your friends and colleagues have left the firm or the city, changed jobs, changed professions, spent a year or Europe, gone to their children's Christmas pageants, started a company, quitte

ly, found other ways to live and work. For a while, idea departments confirmed your best expectations about yourself. Let them go off the ladder, you thought as you greedily watched them sail. Your lips may have and grow, great! but didn't you feel left out in your room? There leaving only made you feel better. They had no know, words, that they had failed at playing the game.

Now, though, you're still sitting there. Neither you nor the man on your wall is ever going

to get any younger. The pounds on your head is growing louder, and less modifiable. It's caused by the ringing of your career clock, and you've got to shut the damn thing off.

## 1 BUT FIRST, A FEW WORDS ABOUT DASHED EXPECTATIONS

If you have a career, then you have a career clock. It's the po-

ly look at such a man that keeps pace with your ambition, measures your complacency, urges you to promote or stay in, tells you you're ahead of the pack, or tells you that you've finally reached a point where the pack doesn't matter at all.

Unlike the alarm on a woman's biological clock, which tends to go off when the room has them, the alarm on a man's career clock jots a woman's, but that is another story (or good at any time, instead of causing the

question of children, it causes the question of change).

The career clock is very much a product made in the USA, a reflection of the peculiarly American way of looking at work. A French dictionary usually defines career as "a course through life, way of making one's living." An American dictionary defines it as "a field for or pursuit of consecutive progressive achievement." That just about sums it up.

What began in this country as

a Protestant work ethic has survived—even in decades and a century less sure than the English—as a noncommittal career ethic, an assumption that what a man does for a living defines the kind of man he is. In an ongoing study at the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, a second majority of more than twenty-four thousand respondents said they would not stop working even if they became financially independent.





## THE GREAT ESQUIRE JOB HAPPINESS QUOTIENT TEST

You must answer every question!

### PART A: SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

- Rate each statement on a scale of 1 to 5, with 1 being the least and 5 being the most.
- Most days, I look forward to going to work in the morning.
  - I feel that I use my best talents in my job.
  - My job gives me the freedom to pursue a good idea.
  - My job gives me the mental challenges I need.
  - I feel that the work I do is tedious.
  - My job gives me the opportunity to grow professionally.
  - My job gives me the opportunity to contribute to the world.
  - My job gives me the level of achievement and satisfaction I need.
  - I am proud of the work I do.
  - My job gives me the opportunity to make a difference.
  - Within the last two years, I have received a promotion, a major pay raise, or other significant praise.
  - At least once, the company would suffer.
  - If I were paid less and had a less important title, I would still enjoy my work.
  - I feel that the work I do contributes to the good of society.
  - If my company moved to another city, I would want to move with it.

Please add up the number of answers in the left-hand column.  
Sense of Accomplishment = A.

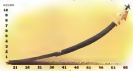
### PART B: AMBITION

Please enter the number that correctly reflects the extent to which the following statements apply to you:

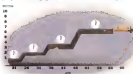
- Rate each statement on a scale of 1 to 5, with 1 being the least and 5 being the most.
- Somebody says I'd like to leave my health job. (If you're in the health, skip 1.)
  - When people at comparable positions with more success, I tend to be jealous and envious.
  - I want to make a living solely on my field.
  - I want to be famous.
  - I want to be rich.
  - I don't like taking vacations.
  - I believe hard work gets you further than luck.
  - I could do my health job better than better one. (If you're not the best, skip 1.)
  - I wouldn't be comfortable if I were in my field.
  - I am a workaholic.
  - I often worry that I am not performing.
  - Current success is more important to me than enjoying my life.
  - I don't really enjoy my personal life if work is not going well.
  - I want to be powerful.

Your score was computed with the help of Barry Hall, author of *Paradox at 40*.  
How Do You Feel About Your Life?

step and realize failure. If the ladder of success was drawn on a graph, it would look something like this:



That's success on the vertical axis (defined in the traditional sense) Transpower, American way, and age on the horizontal axis. In other words, the traditional image of career success is a classic growth curve, smooth and close to reality, even the most successful careers look nothing at all like this. More accurately drawn, that graceful, mythic curve is more like a series of sometimes-ascending steps, with small plateaus along the way, and—yes, you guessed it—ragged cliffs.



Those flat places on the graph represent the phases of "maintenance," periods of relative stasis in which you actually do the work, get used to the job—and start to think about it. If you're dwelling on those years in down times, or failures, it's time to think again.

"On average," Professor Hall points out, "people spend half their adult lives in some sort of stasis and the other half as new. There's really necessary for development. There needs to be time, even in the most successful

careers, to pull it all together. In a way, it's like biological growth. A teenager will have a growth spurt, and then stop while his body becomes adjusted to it and he can become less bulky, more coordinated. You always need to consolidate your growth. One of the worst ways to get derailed is when you move too fast."

"When the Gods wish to punish



MAN IS NOT SO SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.



calvin klein THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN





## THE GREAT ESQUIRE JOB HAPPINESS QUOTIENT TEST

- I respect my boss.
- My boss always looks at me when I'm talking to me.
- My company always rewards good work.
- I use a strong opportunity for promotion at the same time.
- My company is successful.
- I am satisfied with the company's financial success plan.
- My office is a pleasant environment in which to work.
- My company puts out excellent products.

### If you work alone:

- I rarely meet the other employees.
- My work environment makes it easy for me to concentrate.
- I am often nervous about my work life and my personal life.
- I don't need cooperation to get my job.
- I don't hang out with others.
- I am proud when I tell a co-worker what I do.
- I know what others expect of me, and I meet their expectations.
- I've never missed going to work.
- I do a great job with a mission that few people know about.
- I like to do my job.
- I enjoy working alone.
- I don't have the stomach for other people.

### If you are the boss:

- I ensure my employees work without responsibilities.
- I ensure my company comes to a halt when I'm not there.
- I build my leadership to support my employees.
- I am satisfied with my company's performance.
- I think being a manager is my employee's support.
- My employees recognize that my company is successful.
- I am proud when I tell the results of a successful day.
- I am a boss: It's a hell of a business to run with my employees.
- I have a clear definition of my company, and I feel my employees understand what they are.
- I think my boss should also be a teacher.
- Though it's hard, I have no problem doing a vacation.

Point off all your scores.

Work environment: 0-100

## PART 2: ARE YOU WORKING TOO HARD?

How many hours do you work a week?

(Please enter the number corresponding to your hours bracket.)

Please enter the appropriate number:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Please add up all five numbers.

Hours worked: 0-100



content or documents you really are with your job.

One way to do this is simply to think about it for a while. But that's generally not the best thing you'll want to do on a Friday evening.

Another answer is to take a minute to think about the things you're doing, and a pocket calculator, and work through the Great Klags Job Happiness Quotient Test, which begins on page 124. At the end, the test will give you a number from one to ten that tells you how content or discontented you really are. We're calling the number your Job Happiness Quotient.

Either way, you should arrive

at a number from one to ten. Then we'd like you to plot it against your age on the handy little graph we've provided below.

First step: Start with the single greatest you're doing, and construct a line backward from it to the age and level of success in which your own career has been. Define success any way you want it. Now extend the line forward, to where you assume to be present.

Look at the line. What does it mean? Have you in a place? A peak? A valley? Have you ever been in the same place before? If things look really bad for you, then what the hell are you waiting for?

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## THE GREAT ESQUIRE JOB HAPPINESS QUOTIENT TEST

That's the end of the test. Now we'll rank your answers and calculate your Job Happiness Quotient. To arrive at a final number, we'll need some vital statistics.

Your age: 21-32 = 1 33-43 = 2 44-53 = 3 54-64 = 4

Please enter the number corresponding to your age bracket.

Age = # = ...

Your Salary:

under \$25,000 = 1 \$45,000-\$65,000 = 4  
\$25,000-\$29,999 = 2 \$70,000-\$79,999 = 3  
\$30,000-\$39,999 = 3 \$80,000-\$89,999 = 4  
\$40,000-\$49,999 = 4 \$90,000-\$99,999 = 5  
\$50,000-\$59,999 = 5 \$100,000 or more = 6

Please enter the number corresponding to your salary bracket.

Salary = # = ...

Now fill in the values:

Accomplishment = #A = ... Hours = #H = ...

Autonomy = #B = ... Age = #F = ...

Skills = #C = ... Salary = #S = ...

Work Environment = #E = ...

And enter those values in the following equation:

$$J.H.Q. = \frac{A+B+C}{3} + \frac{E}{2} + \frac{H}{3} + \frac{F}{3} + \frac{S}{3} - 34Q$$

In other words:

$$J.H.Q. = \frac{\text{Accomplishment} + \text{Salary}}{\text{Age} \div 3}$$

$$\frac{\text{Autonomy} + \text{Skills} + (\text{Work Environment} \div 2) + 5}{30}$$

$$\text{Hours} \div 30 = \text{Job Happiness Quotient}$$

Lowest possible score: 0 Highest possible score: 10.00

What Else?

- 10 You're a genius. They think they are.
- 8 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 7 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 6 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 5 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 4 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 3 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 2 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.
- 1 You're a genius. They think they are. You're a genius. They think they are.

## IF YOU DECIDE TO MAKE A CHANGE

### Step 1: Don't Expect It to Be Easy

It really does take guts to pull up roots—especially if you've been planted at your present job for a while. A study by the National Commission for Employment Policy shows how much more frequently postages people are likely to change occupations than any other age group.

BY AGE GROUP THE MOST LIKELY TO CHANGE



Of course, the most obvious reason for this disparity would seem to be the natural exuberance of youth, and the fact that the older you get, and the more time you've spent at a given job or career, the more likely you are to look upon your change as a loss, and the less inclined to risk changing it. But it's also true that there is rampant age prejudice out there, and before taking the plunge, you'll have to come to grips with the fact that lots of employers prefer less-experienced, malleable types to vets.

### Step 2: Find Out What's Really Out There

Knows almost how to find the right job are adding their own success stories. Richard Ballew's *What Color Is Your Parachute?* is the best seller of the genre, and even if you're not in the mood for its colorful take, it does provide an excellent checklist of points to remember when starting the search.

The legend first step will be to work the phones for all you're worth, but before you start slogging at openings in your field, it's definitely worth it to ask yourself if you're in the right career or not. "Most people," says Gerald M. Stawman, chairman and CEO of the Career Develop-

ment Team, "find their jobs by backstabbing. There's very little in the way of real planning. As a result, most of us go through our careers with a vague sense of satisfaction."

It helps to educate yourself. Do research. Think big. Think broad. Think different. Did you know, for example, that according to the American Institute of Statistics, the four best-strengthened jobs are mutual-instrument engineer, industrial-machine engineer, medical records indexers, and pharmacist? Then again, if you fantasize about ditching it all to write *That Giant Novel*, check again. According to the *Job's Rated Almanac*, the third-worst-paying job is book author, dwarfed only by migrant farm worker and teacher's aide. And as far as outlook for college-educated jobs goes (also according to the *Job's Rated Almanac*, and based on a combination of unemployment rates, expected employment growth through 1995, potential salary growth, seasonality, and potential for promotion), the jobs with the best outlook are construction officer, hospital administrator, secretary, civil engineer, and physicist. The jobs with the worst are historian, public relations specialist, personnel manager, market-research analyst, and economist. It helps to know this stuff, and there are plenty of resources out there to check.

### Step 3: Consider Counseling

No, it's not just for college kids who have no major options and not enough money. Counseling is a boon business among adults both at and out of work. Whenever you live, chances are there is a major career-orienting center nearby. Only one organization accredits these centers, namely the American Association for Counseling and Development. It's not a bad idea to look for one that comes with that seal of approval.

Generally, you'll be put through tests that, apart from telling you what you're good at (which you don't necessarily know), will focus you to come to grips with yourself, to ask your self the hard questions.

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Plus by Ben  
Kassindji, Shirt  
by Gaspard  
Left: Shirt by Miu Miu  
& Michael  
Kramer, Trousers by  
Sam Tardieu  
in Trompette, Belt  
by Paul Smith



Shirt by  
Perry Ellis. Trousers by  
Yohji Yamamoto.  
Left: Shirt by Diesel.  
Von Neumann  
Trousers by Comme  
des Garçons.  
Homme Plus by Et  
Kutchen.



Shirt by  
Studio sart e by Bone  
Leads shirt by  
Sam Tomkins in  
Transper  
Trousers by Ralph  
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See Reader Service Card after page 134

SECTION

The impresario of **SEVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES**, the conjurer of **JITTERBUG PERFUME**, now presents his latest literary extravaganza...

# SKINNY LEGS AND ALL

FEATURING  
*the Dance of the  
Seven Vials*

AND  
*REVEALING  
the Wisdom of  
the Ages*

AND STARRING  
**SALOME,**  
*who strips away  
illusions  
to expose the  
naked truth*



**A** HARB AND A JEW opened a restaurant together across the street from the United Nations. • It sounds like the beginning of an ethnic joke. But Isaac R. Harbani's was no funny story. Oh, it had its humorous aspects, per the *L.A. Times*, an earnest undertaking, an delicate undertaking, perhaps a heroic undertaking. • He Arab and a Jew decided to open a restaurant together. It was to be a gesture of unusual cooperation, a symbolic reconciliation, an exemplary statement in behalf of peace—in the Middle East and beyond. If it could be demonstrated on a small scale that traditional, "marriage" enemies could join together for a common purpose (profitable to both, thus might it not inspire intervention on a global level to look into one another's eyes, to explore avenues of mutually beneficial friendship?) That was the dilemma, that was the hope. • "You're bearing of cosmic love!" asked Spike Cohen, the Jewish partner, the "husband" to Isaac R. Harbani's. "Well, between the Jews and the Arabs there's cosmic love already. So much so here, the bars has persecuted the Jews, the Jews has come to the stars what are up above. It's no easy thing to reduce such a hate, but the easy things I have done already. For the sake of humanity, the sake of our grandchildren, my pal Arab and I combine together this most delicate." • "My father used to say," put in Rafael Abu Hader (the *L.A. Times* "husband," obviously), "In Allah's garden there grow all kinds of evil-trees." Although I would do not share in my father's concept of Allah, I have always been fond of the saying. In fact, I wanted to call our restaurant Two Rabbits, but my friend Spike did not think so much of this name. Isaac R. Harbani's was our first compromise. It is a clever one, it is said. You see what can be done? • The two gardeners were pleased with their restaurant's location. Its proximity to United Nations headquarters lent the *L.A. Times* a somewhat aura, giving it, symbolically at least, to the center

BY TOM ROBBINS





FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION of a review in *The Village Voice*, Salome's fame spread. Rumors of Isaac & Spike's wedding spread quickly. Also made a rule that nobody would be seated in the dining room unless they ordered dinner, yet even the hovering prospect of seeing the I & S working together duck-pose around in candid (as) failed to dissuade the crowds. By 7 p.m. on Friday and Saturday nights, there wasn't an empty seat in the place. Spike and Salome, though, he might. *Also would not influence the bookends to influence Salome to dance on additional evenings.* "I will speak to her from the house," the madhouse matron would promise, nodding the fifty-dollar bill Abu had offered. "But she is a young girl, she has her studies."

For a few weeks, the restaurant brought in the orchestra on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays as well, and hired two experienced belly dancers to dance on those nights. In terms of business, the expanded schedule was not unsuccessful, but on Spike and Abu's economic meter, it failed to even breathe on the needle. The new dancers, however, performed through they were, none dared claim any measure comparable with Salome's govt of good men's mule. They were adequate, but as Abu put it, "To the conscious, adequacy is nothing." Besides, old customers were complaining that to accommodate the floor show, the everyday TV was being switched off, usually at the most crucial point in a ball game. Spike and Abu fired the dancers and returned the band to its Friday-Saturday schedule.

The first Indian restaurant next door, completely overshadowed even though it employed a superior chef, offered to sell out to the Arab and the Jew so that they could enlarge their premises. Abu and Spike declined. "What we have already we're sticking to, already," said Spike. And what they had was a concern a seven-year-old resident some (the director was correct) who refused to speak with producers of the *Twilight Show* when they approached her in the restaurant or before breakfast, warning that if they that it could off her double order of french fries. (The detective also revealed—nobody knew where he was getting his information—that the girl wore heavy butt-shaped glasses when she walked or watched cartoons, a fact later confirmed by a writer for *Newsweek*, prompting dozens of men and women with perfect noses to start showing up at UN Halls at specific times of the morning.)

What they had was a quantity, self-conscious, adolescent girl who relished the art of belly dancing without really trying, like a semi-conscious who wears original love poems in her sleep. What they had was a virgin (the handstand sweet that the west) who could make men (and a few women) come without touching them, without even looking at them. What they had was a callow child-woman who, wearing a robe of cheap lycra, marked a ruby X on the stomach of modest, sophisticated, cynical Menemmen, then passed on heart full of deep awareness and silly ideas.

THE MOOD WAS A P.M., the dry a Monday when September, in the I & S, regulars were assembling to watch *Monday Night Football* on the mammoth screen. Kickoff

was hours away, however, and the lounge chatter ran to other things. To be precise, one other thing.

"She looks so bored all the time."

"Not bored, she looks scared."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Look, she looks bored and scared. That's what drives me crazy. She gives the impression that if you took her to bed, she'd look at you like that from start to finish."

"She wouldn't just lie there. She'd give you a ride like a wild mule. But all through it she'd look bored and scared."

"It's her age, isn't it?"

"Yeah, you guys. She looks as you like you have and scare her because she's young enough to be your daughters."

"If she's my daughter, I'd be in jail."

"That's rich. But me, too."

There was a split of uncomfortable laughter. A waiter arrived with a tray of salads, the one (one on the menu that didn't move as if it had been scripted off the week of Aladdin's lamp.

"Anyway, it isn't his face or an expression. It's his body, the way she moves it."

"I have seen hundreds of belly dancers. Hundreds. My cousin could dance that dance better than any woman in Istanbul. But this Salome girl who dances here..."

"She's the best. Her movements are subtle and sure, but at the same time very, very strong. Her dancing is..."

"Zild."

The man who spoke was the police detective. He'd had his face in a beer mug, and it was the first thing he'd said. They stared at him as he said.

"Zild."

"Nothing. The dances she does here are nothing. They're belly dances. In other ways than one."

What do you mean? The men responded in unison. After all, he said to play football. And he often seemed to know things about Salome that nobody else knew.

"You wouldn't think what she does here is so good dancing but if you saw her do the Dance of the Seven Veils."

Under questioning, the detective admitted that he had never seen the Dance of the Seven Veils. He'd only heard rumors, but his unidentified sources assured him that if Salome ever performed it, which she probably wouldn't, all of the other dancers she had done would seem girly, uncolored, and commonplace in comparison.

The lounge fell silent and restaurant that way through most of Monday Night Football.

WORD SPREAD like a thin

dance in a quiet colony.

Hardly a customer, new or

old, passed through the door of the I & S without asking

Spike, "What's she going to do the Dance of the Seven

Veils?" During Salome's performances, between numbers,

patrons would call out, "Dance of the Seven Veils!" as if

requesting a favorite tune from a rock star. The first couple

of times she looked as shocked as if someone had pulled a

gun, but later on, when she grew accustomed to "Do the

Seven Veils!" the second fingers of a small dark smile

would peek with the rest of her upper lip and, ever so gently

and briefly, she would shake her head.

A negative headshake was all that Spike and Abu got



caroline skirts lay deep in mothballs, as well as all sorts of wool. It could be traced from one to sharing one, or purple mountain majesty and upon the framed plain: "Where was it?" Why, it was the rustic of thousands of bags of potatoes being pulled from supermarket racks, it was the rustic of paper bags being filled with home and some part and quarters of hard liquor, it was the rustic of newspaper pages framing as readers turned eagerly to the sports section, it was the rustic of enormous rhinoceros heads as sailors went scapin'.

drilled into a lake a month and a half. The conventional technique for this was already out, so I'd go gather measurements,

While the game and the dance weren't scheduled to commence until 9 o'clock, the restaurant would open its doors at noon. Spike Cohen made certain that it opened on time.

The crowd, many of its members disappointed because of the United Nations' refusal to take a vote on the matter, murmured, "They pushed, shoved, and fought over the peace talks like teenagers at a heavy-metal concert. Many ended up on the ground by default. It was less conspicuous than them doing so in the dining room and bar, probably because every staff member

was a good one. Nobody had spotted the detective on his way in, but suddenly there he was, perched on the banister closest to the bathroom, ordering *fofali* and a Maoribee. One of the Gorkis suggested that he had hidden all night in the man's room. "You dudes been stealing too many Trojan-horse steaks," he said. In any case, he had made his choice.

At 10:14 P.M. Spika contacted the security guards to block the doors. There were at least a hundred people still clamoring to get in, but the occupancy number decreased by the few that had already been screened. Those who had gained admission to the dining room and bar were whooping and chattering. Beneath the raucousness, however, the atmosphere was decidedly somber. Some patrons seemed surely afraid to be there, although the roof of their fear was not easily discerned. Perhaps they were worried about violence. Perhaps it was something less solid.

[illegible]

For the first time, Salome looked at the audience. The French undersecretary winked at her, and the police detective nodded in his bench. Of the faces that stared back at her, two of every three were male, and although they had chosen her over the Super Bowl, still, most were flushed with the naïve concern of their gender: anxious of possible rape, profit, and conquest.

Salsone uttered a soft, low howl. She rectified her camboua.

Then, she died.

AS HER BARE FEET slapped the floor in time to polyrhythmic, more ancient than Futura, Salome whistled and dipped and whirled again, slapping and whirling unashamedly, and, moreover, pushing and contracting her pelvis as if straining to expel a child. Her eyes were wide and her

and the purple scarves overled all about her. She danced  
thirty or close to twenty minutes before the first real fall.

For some reason, everyone in the room had assumed that the first girl disposed would be an upper one; specifically, the one that abandoned her nose and mouth. They assumed erroneously. When it finally fell, floating to the floor like the skin of a rotten snake, it bared not her face but her teeth. The audience was stunned. Worded about their culture's lessons, Spike and Alva panicked. The despoiler's battered brow furrowed with concern. He was, after all, an officer of the law.

Everybody was shocked, even the unshockable. We nobody tried to stop the performance. Nobody. And Silenus went on whistling and clapping and whooping and singing, and each time that she arched, they found themselves looking into the professor and painter's little slit that anyone could see, as if, in Silenus' delicate and asymmetrical, as one might expect it would be there like the gun barrel of a brasserie waiter, the curly pig's around it as sleek and moist as the welcome mat at the Bernadette Tronelle Milon.

The void had not last long on the floor when the audience began to—well, to move aside. Spontaneously, without prearrangement, things occurred in them, thoughts entered their minds, one might say, except that they were both empty void and full-formed than the thoughts that they were accustomed to maintaining, and they were personal, more information that they had not realized they possessed. It was as if they were somebody else's thoughts, tapped by my nose into the brain, whose actually they took hold and became their own.

Earth, it occurred to them, was a natural globe. Unique in an infinite spectrum of dried rocks, anemones, and garbages. Earth was a theater, a rotating stage upon which a thin green mass of organic life acted out its convoluted, continual scenes whose nature, whether regions or alibis, was almost wholly irrelevant. The globe was a stage, and the stage was a globe. Packages or Egg Cartons? A few versatile actors such as the anemona could perform both roles, but it was a dying art, and the scenery, props, and costumes were designed to rub or lock into the coming together of hero and heroine. The colors, the smells, and the sounds of organic things had evolved as mutual attractions, created to keep the trillion romantic plays moving toward a trillion more or less happy endings. Recent observations of the behavior patterns of breeding anemones showed that even on the massive scale of the planet, the mating of the anemones was transparent. There was no mystery involved, for example, and possibly not the molecular handshake. Within a couple

the meaning of a father figure in the producer of the show, although from the very beginning the surrogate principle had been intrinsic. Those raw, nervous and anxious, not only fled the Great Goddess (who smiled upon all manner of sexual expression), including that which moderns wish to label "pornography," but also fled the thousands of years and billions of dollars trying to conceal the face of her mystery.

And this fate though occurred to the children, after the falling away of Salome's first love, she who society democracy and age of misceogeneration, the problem, of concealing to ease feminine vital systems, the pathologically concealed psychic generated disease, latent diseases such as epilepsy, the highly sensitive nervous system, sensory and, in the case of Salome, the highly sensitive nervous system, the latent diseases were caused not by actual incest but by the fear of actual incest, by the conservative DNA's inability to adjust to hedonism, and they were monopolized by guilt over the suppression of the Great Mother and the denial of the sexuality with which she so frequently undelivered her consolation to the world. Eventually, AIDS was destined to rise, to come, to rise, to rise, and eventually every manner of carnal pleasure as an antidote to the AIDS virus. (It is not, therefore, as you say, that was the fate of Hecate.)

**VULVA EXPOSED** and sweetly agape, Sallanée danced, whirling and arching amid other mocha twenty masses, a second self was pulled loose and tossed gracefully to the floor. That vulva had creviced him once and briefly, a belly that seemed an acre round and flat, a waist demurement already familiar to her face, although until that moment she had never drawn down the tummy wall of its bare arse. Almost immediately, the audience received another satellite: all televisions.

Plasma beings do not have dimensions over the planets and animals. That was the message that seemed to flash on their mental screen.

Human beings did not have domination over the plants and animals. Every day in the field, every newborn in the herds had its identity just as strong as a human's, and a status in life just as valuable. To damage the daily lives of trees and herds, to take the lives of trees and herds (except when necessary for basic shelter and sustenance), to drive which species of tree and beast to extinction was arrogant, prideful, and extremely a hoemongering based for suicide.

Plants and animals—perhaps even minerals and inanimate objects—were in partnership with humans. Moreover, they, not us, were the senior partners, as a result of their experience and their perception. Plants, especially the psychoactive ones and fungi, had a great deal to teach humanity; in fact, I (Bose) hoped to evolve rapidly enough to keep philosophically apace with an technological advances, the experiential and potential insights provided by

Earth, they realized, was a sexual globe, unique in a solar system of dead rocks, snowballs, and cabbages.

span, intrinsically inactive organisms—plant, animal, molecular, or human—could be said to be aberrant, freakish or pathological insofar as they are out of tune with the harmony of life.

Despite an often contentious masculine display that would indicate otherwise, the sexual drama (in individuals or fairs) was largely, heterosexually, directed by the female. That was particularly true among human beings, in which species the male had gone to ludicrous and often violent lengths to compensate for what struck the male measure of men as an inferior sexual role. One of the lengths to which they went was the establishment of patriarchal rule, and

psychotropic vegetation might well be its only salvation. In any case, the writer and writer of the midnight must be taken into consideration by any civilization with legitimate claims for survival, although the case was not nearly as dramatic as it seemed. Humanity was a fraction of nature. It could not, therefore, live separately from nature except in a self-deceiving masquerade. It could not live in repression in nature except in a schizophrenic crime. And it could not blend itself to the wonders of nature without insuring into something too monstrous to live.

**THE THIRD PEOPLE CLOTH** to flow free from the whirling form of the dancing girl—Salome was whirling more now and arching less—had been wound about her neck and shoulders. Sure enough, as it settled upon the floor, like the filmy soul of a worn-out sock landing in a polymer paradise where each earthly want is the joy and clothes dryer were only bad memories, sure enough, as it settled in a gusty air hang near the soiled black stone of the remembered dreamer, the audience felt another breath coming on.

They understood suddenly, and for no particular reason of which they were aware, that it was hard to work for political solutions to humanity's problems because humanity's problems were not political. Political problems did exist, all right, but they were entirely secondary. The primary problems were philosophical, and until the philosophical problems were solved, the political problems would have to be solved over and over and over again. The phrase "Communism" was coined to describe the ephemeral effectiveness of almost all political activity.

For the ethical, political action was seductive because it seemed to offer the possibility that one could improve society, make things better, without going through the personal ordeal of reexamining one's perceptions and transforming one's self. For the unconscionable, political reform was seductive because it seemed to protect one's holdings and reputation one's greed. On both sides were going through a kind of illusion.

The monetary search in the progressive machinery of private evolution was the propensity of the private hand to take its political leaders—the dominant males—too seriously. Of benefit to the hand only when it was actively chosen and by predators, the dominant male for political host was almost wholly self-serving and was almost exclusively not so virtuous but so cynical. Behind his chest-hungry and flag display, he was largely a joke and could be kept in

distinction, but was, rather, a personal quest to enlarge the soul, liberate the spirit, and light up the brain. On that quest, politics was simply a roadblock of loud baboons.

**A FOURTH VEIL CAME UNDONE**, curled around mass the graying horse of the dancer. It had somehow been wrapping both of her arms like a grotesque cloud of sea stuff entering a galaxy, before finally focusing the gravitational attraction and walking toward a new home on the edge of the horizontal. The audience understood then that religion was an improper response to the Divine.

Religion was an attempt to pin down the Divine. The Divine was eternally in flux, forever moving, shifting shape. That was its center. It was absolute, not enough absolutely mobile. Absolutely transcendent. Absolutely flexible. Absolutely impersonal. It had its god and problem aspects, but it was ultimately no more male or female than it was war or wilderness.

It was the sum of all these things, but that sum could never be chalked on a slate. The Divine was beyond description, beyond knowing, beyond comprehension. To say that the Divine was Christian divided by Denunciation was as close as one could come to defining it. But the party of soul, the dail of wit, weren't content with that. They wanted to hang a face on the Divine. They went so far as to attribute pretty human emotions (anger, jealousy, or others) to it, not stopping to realize that if God were a being, even a supreme being, our prayers would have bored him to death long ago.

The Divine was experience, but religion was reduction. Religion attempted to reduce the Divine to a knowable quantity with which mortals might efficiently drink, to peep-hole a cover and for all so that we never had to revolutionize it. With fragments of care and splint of dogma, we crowded space and space, trying to nail to our stationary aims the migratory light of the world.

Thus, once religion bore false witness to the Divine, religion was blasphemy. And once it attained onto its solidly silence with politics, it became the most dangerous and repulsive force that the world had ever known.

**SALOME BEGAN SHEDDING** veil number five, releasing it as she whirled. It had concealed her ankles, calves, knees, and lower thighs, that section of the dancer's body that had been usually characterized as coyly true. With the falling of that veil, there vanished the last vestiges of any illusion one might have retained about money.

Whenever a male or an individual called "inefficient fields" as an excuse for neglecting this important thing or that, it was indicative of the extent to which reality

had been distorted by the abstract loss of wealth. During periods of so-called economic depression, for example, women suffered the wear of all manner of essential goods, yet investigations almost invariably disclosed that there were plenty of goods available. Plenty of coal in the ground, corn in the fields, wool on the sheep. What was missing was not resources but an abstract unit of measurement called "money." It was akin to a starving woman with a sweet tooth lamenting that she couldn't bake a cake because she didn't have any ounces. She had hours, flour, eggs, milk, and sugar, but just didn't have any ounces, any pounds, any grams.

**They saw that life was a personal quest, and on that quest, politics was simply a roadblock of loud baboons.**

his place the place being that of a necessary evil by darkness and laughter. It, for example, when the crowd up in the air the best bulk of blood, the good drinker had taken him more lightly, had they, instead of buying his act, awakened and hooded and joined him with strange thins, the Holocaust might have been avoided.

Of course, as long as there were willing followers, there would be exploitative leaders. And there would be willing followers and humanity would be the philosophical planus where it recognized that its great mission in life had nothing to do with any struggle between classes, race, nation, or



The audience by which things were measured had become more valuable than the things themselves.

Then they followed some faintly scented window along the back of her as she moved for a second to peer through the eye of a needle due for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

WHEN THE FARDERDINE RANGED like a fist on a jeweled box, Salome aroused the censored series of cognates

**When the seventh veil flew from Salome's face, it was as if the girl had burped out a bird-sized butterfly.**

what that would climax with the dropping of the cloth from her bosom.

"Noooo. Noo. noo," roared the hundreds, a sentiment that echoed around the room. They were a young patrie, but they went as perfectly formed to the wheels of a bicycle and seemed to subscribe to no theory of purity. Glowering with premeditation, they resembled massive rump bulbs bathed by a fine spring rain. They heaved from Salome's cannot-like playfulness in a choppy note, a condition that some found precious and others distasteful. In any case, none took their eyes off her.

Revelation was waiting to overtake. The audience was just thinking about how no amount of money could buy security, and if it could, it would be a bed bogged in any port, since security was a form of psychosis, just as assassination was a form of death; they were thinking something in that category when the sixth veil flew away from Salome's blouse, visible below, and abruptly the audience's mind was occupied with notions of love, history, and the absolute. They saw that the past was a momentary vision, that people sacrificed the present to a future that never really came, that those who had dreams in an absolute had no life for them to be an "after" of, and that time was a mission, not a highway, that the psyche was an all-night restaurant, not a museum or a church, and that on every conceivable level, belief in a hereafter was hazardous to health.

THE TEENAGER WAS completely naked then, except for the short purple veil that masked her face. Now and again she was beyond swooning over the filiality of the women. The discourse currently wasn't about to reveal her. He was himself in view. Nobody moved, and above the white, dove, and drumming of the orchestra, no sound was audible except for Salome's labored breathing. She had been dancing for near three hours and obviously was not exhausted. The dance appeared to be winding down. The shafts were dropped, slow and dreamy now, although they'd lost half of any of their impact. She turned and knelt in front of the, and the hypersonic audience followed her as helplessly as if she were the cold look of Mies van der Rohe.

When the seventh veil flew away from Salome's face it was as if the girl had opened her mouth and burped out a bird-sized butterfly. The audience's first thought was, How beautiful she is! Then second thought was, Everybody's got to figure it out for themselves.

Yes, that was it. The government wouldn't take care of it for you, no matter how much you'd paid for social security

or how many votes your political arena committee may have bought. You couldn't turn it in as college credits, though legally to square it. Churches, conservatories, were taking all over themselves to save you the trouble of looking about it, they would hand you an answer in text and copy and definitive in your horoscope in the daily paper—and, unfortunately, just about as useful, because it was just about as generic and empty as an operation. Great books, paintings, and music were helpful, in an inspirational way, not, even more so. Valuable clues were constantly dropping from the lips of philosophers, spiritual masters, poets, shamans, grey cross girls, and wild-wild stamps in the

street. But they were clues only. No self-proclaimed holy man could cut the mustard for you, and the ones who were truly holy would tell you so. But could you turn it over to some clergy, disbanding society chartered from the other side? You couldn't even leave it at your mother's house.

The illusion of the seventh veil was the illusion that you could get somebody else to do it for you. To think for you. To hang on your cross. The priest, the noble, the saint, the seer, the philosophical novelist were making eyes, at best. They might direct you through a busy intersection, but they wouldn't follow you home and park your car.

Was there a more difficult lesson for a human being to learn, a paradise harder to accept? Even though the great masters, the great truths were universal, even though the mind of humanity was ultimately one mind, still, each and every single individual had to establish his or her own special, personal, particular, unique, direct, one-on-one, high-on relationship with reality, with the universe, with the Divine. It might be unestablished, it might be a pain in the ass, and, most of all, lonely—but it was the bottom line.

It was as different for everybody as it was the same, so everybody had to take control of their own life, define their own death, and construct their own salvation, and when you finished, you didn't call the Marcell. He'd call you.

THE DANCE WENDING. Salome continued her low passionate pleasure, a happy both for resoundingly against the floor, then staggered to a stop. She stood facing, but not looking at, the audience, her eyes downcast, her mouth gaping, her entire respiratory system convulsing, her legs wobbling as if about to give way. Oddly, nobody, not even her chaperon, made a move to support her or to cover her nakedness. The room was silent, transfixed.

Then suddenly a great din could be heard, a singing and shouting and banging out of this, so it, in the courtyard adjoining the restaurant, and out in the city streets, the Woodstock rock festival were being restarted.

It was a celebration, a maybe, not a problem—and the dazed group in the arena was jumped to the conclusion that what was being celebrated was the end of illness, the undoing of the Ministry, a turning point in the ongoing evolution of man. First one shivering moment, the audience believed the government's oppression to have been unmasked by the dance of the Seven Veils. Gradually, however, it dawned on them that what was being celebrated, what had whipped the population into exuberant frenzy, was New York's victory in the Super Bowl game. ☐

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*seeing, you can take the example of some*

*Jeff Daniels' jumping scene in*

*Amadeus*, who better not to take

*even a classic two for*

*For more information see page 16*





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# ASPECTS OF LLOYD WEBBER

**Curtain up! Light the lights! Now can we all go home?**

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN. We know that it would have to. In the great spectacle spent thus in Andrew Lloyd Webber's name in musical theater, his latest extravaganza, *Aspects of Love*, will open to sold-out crowds on Broadway this month.

Other composers/producers have left. Andrew Lloyd Webber has stayed. For more than a decade, he has been reviled by critics for the Jilly Pop nature of his work and the music scale on which he processes it. But this hasn't stopped him from being scored, loved, made rich, and, in a recent and very gloomy hour, compared with *Kennedy*. Yes, that *Kennedy*.

The truth is that ever since *Jesse* (Gloria Steinberg in 1979), Broadway and West End audiences have, sometimes recklessly, sometimes awfully, gazed themselves on a Lloyd Webber diet of bath and cliché. At the same time, it's fairly safe to say that the man knows every old trick in the book (the show, no judge by his shows' names, knows every old book).

How does he do it (we hate you cry)? How, indeed? The following chart, by NYU's Marina Womack, represents the art of musical-theater sleuthing or, in short, forcing over scenes and looking forward to find some method to Lloyd Webber's glomance.

The bottom line? Simple. It doesn't matter if the case is a case, if the place is Argentina or Gales, if the characters are crims or loons. If you've seen one Lloyd Webber musical, you've seen them all.





Jesus and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat



Jesus Christ Superstar



Evita



Cats



Song and Dance



Starlight Express



Phantom of the Opera



Aspects of Love

SHOW	SOURCE	CORRECTION	SINGING STYL	REDACTED SECRETS	FATHER FIXATION	COUNTRY-WESTERN COPIED NUMBER	MANIPULATING KEY CHANGE
Jesus and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat	Old Testament	God	Pharaoh	Pharaoh's wife	Josh	"One More Angel in Heaven"	—
Jesus Christ Superstar	New Testament	Himself	Jesus	Mary Magdalene	God	"Nasser Drama"	"Everything's Alright"
Evita	Fairly recent history	Herald	Agnes Megala	Herald	Dead father's family	"Do This Night of a Thousand Years"	"High Flying Adrenal"
Cats	T. S. Eliot's poems	Old Demosny	Rose Tom Tigger	Gracells	—	—	"Monary"
Song and Dance	Tell Me on a Sunday (1979) and Variations (1978)	Sheldon Bloom	—	Enana	Sheldon	"Capped Teeth and Cocor Sello"	"Unexpected Song"
Starlight Express	Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends	The Starlight Express	Greenhall	John, the Sleeping Car	Starlight	"UNCOUPLED"	"I Am the Starlight"
Phantom of the Opera	Gaston Leroux's novel	The Phantom	The Phantom	Christine	Dead woman	—	"Angel of Mine"
Aspects of Love	David Garrow's novel	Dear Dead Anne Delfa	Johney Legume	Jenny	George	—	"Anything But Lonely"







## P. S. S. S. S.

Ward's getting out, but the best phone booths in the left all the lobby in the Hotel Nikko are money, private, and well-off efficient away from home. 220 North Dearborn, just north of the River.

Algren, Mellow, and Turtill, several shops offer books—and a few others—way beyond the best-seller lists: **Guido Books**, 2432 North Lincoln Avenue, and **Blackie's Book Store**, with two outlets, at 2907 North Broadway and 1730 North Wells Street, anchor the North Side. **57th Street Books** (1940 East Fifty-seventh Street) serves Hyde Park and the University of Chicago.

**This Way to the Beach.** Take romantic walks along Montrose Street Harbor when the lights of small fishermen dot the shore at Tuller Avenue Beach in April and early May, or when the boats are lit up for August's *Venue Night*. Beloved a high-rise suburb, or heard one of the four boats berthed beneath Michigan Avenue Bridge and learn how giants crossed the river back toward the Mississippi.

**Alvin Pack** moved to Chicago in 1967 and became editor of *The Seed*, the city's underground paper. These days he chairs the magazine program at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.

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Delicious soups, dips or degustations in an attractive, new setting. Located in the Baldwin-Sturtevant Hotel, in the once-Mapple, then trendy, now pricey Lincoln Park area, slash the expense, as are the steak and fish at the Francophile *Meise UN GRAND CAFE* across the hall. 2300 North Lincoln Park West, reserve for Ambros before your trip at 312-472-5884; call 312-8886 for Un Grand Café.

**SOGGIN** • Karasaka, Miami's swaggiest, a few blocks from the Merchanthill Mall. Varied, colorful presentations. Portions can be small, so start with the multi-is-your-cousin artichoke frittata in Intervale sauce (great!). Tastes are spiced for discrete power lunches and romantic dinners, with a like-playing Friday and Saturday nights. 500 North Clark Street, 447.5786.

**LE FRANÇAIS.** Chef Jean Bouchet and his sous-chefs are gone, but big-league families will visit the location to see how well Roland and Mary Beth Loeber are maintaining one of the country's best restaurants. 268 South Milwaukee Avenue, Wheeling. Call 708-541-7670 (new).

**RUST BELT CAFÉ.** The bar's all bright and cheery; the dining room's a Tribeca-esque amalgam of brick walls, black-and-white table settings, and neo-to-the-bar reggae tapes. Open since November, on the site of a former sporting-goods factory, this lively but ironically trendy place serves up contemporary diners that can start with a large duck-confit salad and range from meaty curries to a saucy rib chop. 2747 North Lincoln Avenue. REG. 7878.

**SHAW'S CRAB HOUSE.** You wouldn't expect an inland spot to have such great crab cakes, but Shaw's, a tasteless of local food here Rich Mahana's multiethnic enterprises, delivers all sorts of fish seafood in an environment that's made without being smokes. If the large dining room is here, help up to the bar in the adjoining **BLUE CRAB LOUNGE**, 21 East Walbrook Street, 827.3732.

**TRATTORIA NO. 10.** Don't be daunted by the basement location; this hidden supper offers earthy-Italian dishes in several festive, open rooms. Start with the minestrone, then try the hearty porks with fresh dink and asparagus. A good way to impress clients without having them think you're spending too much of their money. 10 North Dearborn; 564-1718.

### Deep-Dish City

In Chicago, Czech-Mex describes an ethnic enclave, not a kind of ethnic. A UPRs-worth of food ranges from A to at least V—from sticky Afghan baby pumpkins and lamb Kabuli at *The Islamabad*, 5100 North Halsted, 312-4447, to any number of dishes at *Pastor*, in an emerging Vietnamese area, 4730 North Stonland Road, 312-6091.

Sixty-Nine is an informal, strong on-served storefront at the south end of Chinatown, 1495 South Westmore, 842-6900. If you can bear the lunch-time lawyers and nighttime tourists, *The Beershall* serves up solid German fare and a smooth Datzmader-style house beer, 17 West Adams Street, 442-1222.

Minocan and Thai restaurants abound, as do rib joints. There is a new theological issue here, Glen's East features deep dish combos at 616 East Superior Street, with a twist. And newsgos can head for healthy food at Heartland Cafe, where the pizzas can get pink and the meats rarely red, 3004 North Glenwood Avenue, 464-1001.



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Los Reyes, Angeles • Camino Real, Canaan • The Pecos River, Wilson Head Island • Camino Real, Jajaja  
El Monte, Mono, Kampong Beach • The Kanan, Kanan, Kanan, Laguna • Los Reyes, Monasterio, Camino Real, Monterrey  
The Western River, Napa, FL (1995) • Rob. Henry: World View, Orlando • Camino Real, Puerto Vallarta  
The North, Wilson, Hills, Laguna, Laguna (1998) • The North, La Palma, Laguna • The North, Laguna, Vol.

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## The Esquire Express Traveler

A GUIDE TO JOURNEYS THAT ARE MEASURED IN DAYS, NOT WEEKS

# CHICAGO

BY ARETCH

### Finding a Hotel FIVE PLACES TO REST IN THE CITY THAT WORKS

**Classic Pleasure Room.** Located within a stay-or-sleep high-rise at the top end of increasingly posh Michigan Avenue, the year-old **Four Seasons** tanguously merges Italian marble with English farmhouse styles, tapestries with Lake Michigan views. Shop till you drop in the building's scores of stores, or in Water Tower Place down the block. Address: 130 East Delaware Place, telephone: 800-331-5444. Cost: \$181-\$750.

**The Drake.** Almost seventy years, **The Drake** has wondrous accents and some majestic. Bars and restaurants include the Cape Cod Room, known in time to cause customers like it this way. At the top of Michigan Avenue, across Lake Shore Drive from Baskin-Robbins. Address: 140 East Wilson Street, 800-696-1086. Cost: \$119-\$995.

**Zeitgeist.** Is it the dark-mirrored Armani Court? The VCR, computerized player (with CD), speakerphone, and stereo cable television in each room? The fact that the shuttle service downtown employs BMW 715i? **Hotel 21 East, Renaissance**, is the landscaping pal for those who practice *Laurel Anderson* more than Mrs. O'Leary. This high-tech high-rise is at 22 East Bellevue

Place, between Rush Street and Lake Shore Drive, 800-426-1135. \$189-\$995.

**Moderate and Intimate.** The **Haystack** is a trend editor's favorite, close to the world's tallest apartment building, the John Hancock Center. Small, with Continental decor and an international crowd, 400 East Delaware Place, 800-821-1543. \$61-\$141. The **McDonald** is also off Michigan, with a good bar that offers outdoor seating during nice weather, 160 East Ontario Street, 800-822-8033. \$69-\$157.

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PASSIONS

# EARLY INNINGS

At Cooley Lake, there was no place like home



Illustrations by  
Michael Parakevas

EVERY DAY WAS THE SAME DAY. We were American boys in the 1950s, and we played baseball. In springtime we played it on city streets as soon as the soot-gray hard pack of snow melted away. In fall, when darkness fell early, we played it against front stoops, the light from the porch illuminating the ball as it zipped off the eyes. In winter we played it with dice and playing cards and draw-stow games that came with a spinner and little markers and a cardboard replica of a diamond. But in summer, when each day rolled smoothly into the next and the sun accommodated game upon game upon game—in summer we played baseball, and we did nothing else.

BY DANIEL OKRENT

The door to summer: On the first day of classes, my parents' car, a two-tone green '73 Chevy, would be parked outside my Detroit grade school with the engine running, ready to take us to our usual, official cottage on a lake twenty-five miles from the city. Even in the mid-1980s, Detroit was hardly the place where one wanted to spend the summer. Everything we needed for those months was stuffed into the Chevy's trunk or passed onto the staff by the rear window. My older brother and sis-

ter faced community property. A wood-and-wax backpack stood near the door, and just up the back-hill lane beyond the former founder of a duplex, an abandoned, sagging porch gave a look of an abandoned chicken coop with one wall missing. The grass was cut regularly by groups of kids pushing hand mowers, and where the mowing stopped in the middle, a weedy mat of about half rose to eye level. Any ball that reached the long grass in the

some dozen ones, and me. I was small, slow, and awkward. Last days he might be so cruel as to knock in self-proclaimed knuckle puncher backed me from the plate. But I was a plunger. I was induced by desire, but hamstringed by it too. Aching to conquer what was beyond me, I was crippled all the more by my desperate wanting. My brother, four and a half years older than I, was as strong as I was not, a confident athlete. I was grateful that he rarely came to the field, but every success only underlined my own incompetence.

## My chatter and my poses turned the Cooley Lake field into the All-Star Game or the seventh game of the World Series.

ter, already collected from their junior high school, were in the backseat, and as I came running at top speed across the school lawn, my mother opened the door for me, issuing an invitation to Arcadia.

The drive to Cooley Lake took less than an hour, but once we arrived we were lost to civilization. Each day, my father commuted to his office in the city, while the four of us who didn't have to drive a long way returned on the overhead shores of the sailing lake. As summer people we were the minority at Cooley Lake, because the city was palpably close at hand, even if atmospheric distance, and the General Motors plant at Pontiac was even nearer; many of its employees traded their city yards, which dwarfed a row of small houses in close rank on one side of the lake, each having yards toward the water. My aunt, an exceptional swimmer, lived on their water, while my brother lived on its surface, skimming across its rippling waves in the kids sportboat he painstakingly tended and painted each summer. But my summer life wasn't water, the distance I traveled each morning just two small boulevards and a slightly larger one with the heads of three lake-record prize fishes above the door, their usual buildings I only vaguely remember from my duck down the cold ribbon of dirt and gravel that was our road. The houses were mostly on my left, to the right, extended fields stretched into the distance. I do remember the white house with the red trim, a house I was told to avoid. It belonged to a man who had tried to chase away a young lawyer, his immigrant wife, and their three children when they became the first Jews to buy on this side of the lake. But even a misadventure was willing to leave, but hardly twenty yards beyond the house of the world was famous, on the undeveloped mile of the road, lay our ball field.

The field was privately owned, but local custom and quasi-city practices had made it

as—a responsibility for most of us—was a house rule, one that ruled or bounded an unbounded area. If you chased after a ball into the long grass, you'd likely find a group of older kids smoking smokers in the hay. It was tempting, but only slightly. The atmosphere of the ball field was far more powerful.

We'd play from nine until noon, when the hot sun and baking heat made return to home for lunch. Rarely dipping our food, we'd be back again until dusk, when if dinner waited for my father to return from the city, I'd play until dusk made a hot baseball an unattractive prospect to a baller. We had no Little League, which meant to me we had no parents in the way. They were all out on the lake in their boats, or gathered around their patio pools, or off to their lawn chairs with drinks in hand. We didn't have girls either; the few teenagers—to antique a word—on our road were all dumbing from somewhere.

The group that gathered each morning wasn't in one fixed day in day, but not as any other summer. We were all a few years either side of ten, or eleven, we all called our gloves with the same reverence our grandmothers brought to polishing the family silver, and none of us could imagine an activity more engaging than baseball. It's strange, but I remember specific ball-ers only vaguely. I suspect this is because what captivated me—maybe all of us—was less companionship than activity, less the bonds of interlocking than the ancient human bond of careless competition.

I may not have been the worst ballplayer on our side of the lake (I could always throw pretty well), but the dozen or so kids who had more trouble with a running base than I did would show up once at the beginning of the season, confident their reputations, and disappear into another activity for the rest of the summer. What we were left with, then, were some very good players,

ON WINTER WEEKENDS, I was a late sleeper. Freedom from school meant freedom

from my mother's gentle nudges in the morning, or from my brother's rougher grunting, a diabolical flourish of disgusting backslashes. In summer I was up early every day, by necessity. If I reached the field any later than nine I wouldn't get to be a captain and pitch tomorrow, a privilege that belonged to the first two arrivals. If I wasn't a captain, and there were an uneven number of players, I was inevitably the "left-field pitcher," never given a shot at bat unless I was more armed up with the appearance of another player.

When I did get to bat, I med, I med, but fear dominated—fear of the ball, fear of flinching from fear of the ball, fear of the harshness of flinching from fear of the ball. Inexplicably, I persuaded myself that my significance was only in my batting. By the time I was eight, I knew that the most fielders were assigned to the right side of the diamond, and as I batted out from pitches directly over the plate I could tell myself—no, I hoped, make sure no one else—then I was simply trying to tell the ball toward those who would have more trouble handling it than would the skilled shortstop or the speedy left fielder. I thought of myself as a clever ringer for him, like Harvey Karpis of my beloved Detroit Tigers, working holes in the defense the way he did. In truth, I was a ringer horror only in the sense that I couldn't hit anything more than a single.

Still, I was no slacker. I found purpose in my lack of skill—more as official pitcher, dramatically in the water relief of my last baseball game, where hitting is everything. On those endless August days when I pitched and pitched and pitched

**Daniel Chavetz** writes *Exposure's Real Stars column*, and is the author of three books about baseball. This essay will be included in *Summer*, an anthology to be published by Addison-Wesley in May.



without relief (and without complaint), every batter had a dozen fans. The first time up, maybe, he was my neighbor Miley Kinsell, a big kid a year older than I, who could hit the ball over the tall grass. But as the day went on, I'd give him new identities. "Coming up to the plate, Willet Myers!" I'd shout, and the blond, pushover, perpetually overwrought Miley would (at least in my mind) drop the identity of the dreading Miley to naturally as a new cap. The next time he was Williams, and then he was Kinsell, and then he was from the Mar, especially screwing himself into Myers's impossible batting stance. My own identity of big-league pitcher was as exaggerated as my identity was slight, my running commentary schizophrenic (and accidentally) prone of an overblown radio announcer. But my cheer and my poses and all the other elements of the daily fantasy turned every loss on the Cuskey Lake field into the Tigers against the Yankees, or the All-Star Game, or the seventh game of the World Series.

It was more than that, actually, for all the single moments I brought in to the moment, it could have been his brother returning to Boston. Those weren't games that I played out there—they were moments, moments, moments again.

TO MY PARENTS, at least to my mother, my endless days of baseball must have been a puzzle, like, who had imagined from Eastern Europe an explorer, over-the-hill baseball's mystery, one of those impossible possibilities of American life. Thirty years later, when I wrote a book about the sport, my mother dutifully read it and then said, "I loved it because you wrote it, but I didn't understand a single word."

My father understood it perfectly well—if anything, too well. He was a deeply knowledgeable fan, and after dinner he brought to my own ball-field efforts the memo-of-the-day, constitutional approach he brought to nearly everything. A small-but-larger whose greater devotion for himself and defiance for the team he had reached his forties, he seemed to find comfort in living without illusions, his himself as for anyone else. It didn't take much observation for him to know that I was a serious athlete, and his appalling honesty just to mention a wish to attend me in academic matters, where my grasp was weaker, compelled him to let me know that he knew. There was no real disappointment in his cool evaluation of my athletic skills—order of truth, he was merely dismissive, and consequently all the more harmful. Seeing how I'd flinch at his apparently, he'd try to make me feel better by explaining that while a shilly—baseball ability—wasn't important,

managing both to be on my toes and dance with that wonderful thing that I so loved.

But I didn't drive easily. I'd play through the rain and under the hottest sun, and I'd play until my mother would send me off my things to fetch me for dinner. On those occasional days when my brother and his friends considered the field, bored by the wonders of the lake and the charms of the Luskans they liked to smoke in the tall grass, I'd chase lost balls far there, and in those days when the rain was so heavy you couldn't see the backstop from the locker room, I'd work on the pocket of my

glove, kneeling and pounding and shaping it with the intensity a sculptor brings to clay. The hard-wood Cuskey Lake ball field was all the world I wanted.

Was it Chiquita that made me pause? That's possible, I suppose, there were times as my childhood when, had my father taught me to fly, I would have earnestly learned how to crash. But I would like to think there was a conscious, unexpressed choice involved as well. I think even well enough, but swimming couldn't be measured, one wing off the dock was like my other, the splash of the water in a snap-

gling response to my nervous. On the ball field, though, each game had content and meaning, each inning a ritual challenge to drive from a dock could ever contain.

WHEN THERE WERE enough of us, we played ball-field games, or nearly so—yet so few as fourteen players, you could manage those outfielders and four infielders, pitcher and catcher provided by the team at large, with me, you'd do without first baseman, and pitcher's mound was out. With ten players, we'd give up on right field, any ball hit there in the air as an au-

tomous strike, any grounder an automatic single if it got past the second baseman. At night, the configuration was short-handed, at six, it got tough.

But this never stopped us. The next best thing to a game was a clamor of the game. There was one-on-one, where each player was his own team, hitting into a five-man defense. You didn't run home in one-on-five. A cleanly fiddled ground ball, pop-up, bunt, or fly was as easy a grounder that made it past the infielders as a single, a grounder past the outfielders, a double, or any occasion was covered by a code an-

grily constructed as ridiculous law.

When one or five became one-on-four, seven needed to get ridiculous. With five players, we'd play until the sun went or hit beyond the plate where someone could catch a fly, throw the ball off the way in from the spot where it was caught and let the last, last, last carefully on the ground at the batter's feet.

With three, we'd turn to pickoff, essentially a base-running exercise, with two, it was home-run drills, which we have never allowed to the chance to throw (and let) a runner hit on speeds we'd never seen with a real baseball, and when I was alone I'd move the game from the field to my head. I'd sit in the dugout, or on the bench, and imagine what I couldn't accomplish as easily. At these times I'd usually stand alone in the outfield, throw the ball up in the air behind me, and race back a ball down steps to catch it.

At the best of these last moments, I'd usually lose the ball just a little too far, or coming to start running a bit too late. And if everything was perfect, if someone was doing what I had dreamed, if school was approaching and my life was coming to an ending end—on such moments I'd hope to make the catch, falling into a dive just like Al Kaline, my glove connecting the peak of the ball on instant before it would be the ground, the baseman who was just visible in my webbing. I'd imagine the noise and action of my life, I'd see my father deep in newspaper, run to his feet, and applaud, I'd hear my mother telling her friend about it on the telephone, wrapping her fingers around the most familiar words as if she were saying some new national anthem. I'd hear the rest of the Friday Stadium crowd, the "let's go!" "What a catch!" "What a catch!" of the radio announcers, and finally the outside of the printing press as they reported my seven-year-old peak in an over-the-top world.

Then I'd get up, make certain there was absolutely no one around, make certain that the unending twilight obscured me even from the view of kids from across the road—and then, alone in my private madness, I would do it once again.

Soon the green-on-green Chevy would be packed with the usual looking kids and the horns of jagged parties and the immediate confusion with their push-button signals and all the other sport and national goods that surrounded a hopelessly middle-class American family in the summer of 1956. But along with everything else that returned to the city in the back of the Chevy, I'd take along my lonely, exquisite triumph on the ball field at Cuskey Lake.

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and the world was for. New style, new material  
all brought on new looks. Look that  
changed quickly with the weather.

Perhaps it was a time  
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The entire world  
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But whether or not a dress was a fashion  
designer's masterpiece of history, the only thing  
was "fashionable" because it was a new  
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## Hard Facts About the Home Office

By Donald R. Katz

**E**VERYBODY ON MY suburban block knows the Federal Express guy by his first name. One of the ten houses on the little street are the residents who work at home. There's a computer consultant, a husband and wife who work in graphic or instructional building, consultants, another couple who operate air-conditioning units, a psychiatrist, and a writer. So the FedEx man crisscrosses the street several times each day, delivering us away from our computers and phones for a break, idly chatting with us—picking away at his own little computer—like the forerunner of the millennium of another race.

Chris, the FedEx man, figures that 40 percent of his deliveries and pickups are made to and from people working at home, an image that might seem unrealistic unless you consider the first step-away-from-the-city-with-kids status of our times, and a recently much-quoted survey by LBNK Research, which reports that 26.6 million people—nearly a quarter of the work force—currently work at home. Daytime television (at some people on my block can tell you) is suddenly the work territory from those liberated from the workplace as homebased "ages and line workers" and so "telecommuters," who have opted for a free radical and more conservative variation on the venerable art of dropping out.

Every time I tell someone I've moved my office from the old I used to work out of a New York City gas station (we called it the Exxon Gas/Shop), I watch the listener's eyes roll back as he or she begins to smile like John Denver. Yellowed curtains from *Eurythmics*, glowing shards of early-fifties age-age environmentalism, live from the low-budget remodeling moment, and a public convenience shop for personal high-tech items have all come together

Donald R. Katz is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



**You can take  
the office home, but can  
you make it work?**

to form the amazing work barrier for the Nineties. The idea of working at home has come to be in the distance, as the step-away-from-the-city-with-kids status of our times, and a recently much-quoted survey by LBNK Research, which reports that 26.6 million people—nearly a quarter of the work force—currently work at home. Daytime television (at some people on my block can tell you) is suddenly the work territory from those liberated from the workplace as homebased "ages and line workers" and so "telecommuters," who have opted for a free radical and more conservative variation on the venerable art of dropping out.

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you will, perhaps, conduct a bit of drilling on the construction-site nations before lunch. Or maybe you'll share a conference via "telepresence" running hard at video load. And meanwhile, in the, in front of the three-plan, she will work on a talk radio, waiting away at a PC called to the phone lines, while the baby sleeps soundly in the little nooklet room, snoring on the upstairs Oriental rug. The FedEx guy makes out.

When I was a boy, back in the women and children-only days of the suburban types, the only father of my acquaintance who worked at home seemed rarely torn away by the experience, even occasionally... a work desk. Men rose in the morning to ride off as if to battle. The world of suburban men had pulled work out of the home a handful of decades earlier, and

now even a woman allowed the men to go to work that defined their status, a social purpose, and the majority of their days. Only people like the witness in James Bond movies would at home, but then, they appeared from island and roommates bedrooms loaded with technological devices that rendered geography utterly beside the point.

Eventually, during the 1970s, during a component of coming machines, like the writer Allen Tate, began to think that technology would increase work and make us all little Goldilocks. Tate discarded a macroscopic that would draw people back home, toward a vast network "electronic cottage." Almost immediately, at once as this new







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## The Nineties

# Just Say Oh No!

By Charles Paul Freund

**T**HE DISASTROUS collapse of nearly everyone, President George Bush announces at a press conference that all illegal drug traffic in the United States has been successfully stopped. "The drug thing is over," he says, waving his arm in what Roger Ailes would have called a triumphant gesture. "We've gone right out there and we've beaten those druggies."

There is a television outlet. The networks continue showing snippets of Bush's speech. Colombia is applauding. But one by one, police departments, customs officials, the FBI, and other law enforcement agencies yell that, in fact, it's over. There isn't any more drug traffic.

Bush's popularity soars, and he is lauded as the American Gorbachev. Tens of millions declare their industrial productivity vows. Since crime falls dramatically, Drug Court William Bennett becomes the sage of American politics, and his advice is sought on a wide variety of social problems, from the divorce rate to traffic gridlock. "There is no problem we can't solve where we go as a nation became disoriented," Bennett says. "Our future lies before us."

THE GOVERNMENT of Colombia, coming with approximately 90 percent of its GNP derived on cocaine, reports U.S. aid during what it calls a "transitional period." President Bush promises he will help in any way he can and repays \$100 million in immediate assistance. "We recognize our own role in this emergency," the President says, when announcing the aid package. A Gallup poll finds the decision is widely supported by the American public. The Department of Agriculture immediately

Charles Paul Freund is an editor for The Washington Post. This is his first article for *Esquire*.



**Good news: We win the war on drugs. Bad news: Riots, financial chaos, civil war...**

dispatches experts to Colombia to help in the development of other export cash crops to replace drugs.

Publicly traded stocks of tobacco and alcohol companies increase sharply in value following reports of a ban on self sales. The so-called brown liquor, such as Scotch and bourbon, formerly experiencing long-term sales slumps, suddenly shows gains, especially in retail markets. Cigarette sales are up among males for the first time since 1975.

The governments of Peru and Bolivia, facing with regret that 30 percent of their GNP is dependent on drugs, request help from the U.S. during what they call "transitional periods." When House Speaker

help, and calls for a coordinated effort by other Western nations "to address the temporary international dislocations arising from the successful termination of the U.S. drug trade."

Police in Amsterdam report that the city is experiencing no narcotics, apparently from Thailand, Algeria, and other regions that previously reported their drug business and lab products to the U.S. The price of the drugs, police note, has reached an unprecedented low, while drug purity has risen. Hospital officials in Amsterdam note an increase in overdose deaths, a phenomenon also noted in other large European cities.

Amid popular jokes about the rain cloud by German car dealers, gold chain saloons, and Iowa and Caribbean bankers, farmers and flower growers in the U.S. express

concern about the increasing volume of Latin American agricultural imports being domestic markets. "We understand the growers now need help down there," says one agricultural spokesman, "but there's a point at which this dumping will seriously hurt the U.S. economy. And there's something else in mind about making American farmers pay so that foreign countries can recover from the loss of illegal trade."

Allegedly, American coins begin reporting an increase in robberies, burglaries, and armed holdups, in some cases back up to pre-drug eradication levels. "God knows, I tried to go straight," says one former crack dealer after a conviction for bank robbery. "I



BRUCE McCATI  
NEW YORK

Dear Lee,

I'm not known as a letter-dropper, so when I report having found myself lounging in the book-lined billiard room of a posh London club one hotel late one recent evening, with a brandy snifter in one hand and a cue in the other, you'll know that something beyond mere cheap atmospherics is afoot.

Cheap social commentary, for one thing. It is nearly impossible to pretend you're Boris Yeltsin, or a figure of Evelyn Waugh's imagination, when the click of leering billiard balls is lost amid the cackling of Clavin's live studio audience blaring out from the Sony TV wedged in among the bookshelves, where now of old Debra's *Parade* and beamed members of *Country Life* rightfully belong. There is the UK, home of the ancient and glorious traditions of the pub, the citizenry in their millions flock to spend half an hour every week peering at a Hollywood reproduction of a Russian bar. As Gibson summarized in his *Decline and Fall of the Russian Empire*—go figure.

Go figure this for me too, while you're at it. When Lord Freddie Poodelchewsky ducks up to play, is the game he plays billiards, or is soccer, or is it pool? Conversely, what game would Ben Shapiro enjoy? Don't the three words indicate a kind of social Darwinian slapping snuffly down from billiards, through soccer, and finally inside into the primordial ooze where the lower orders scream and thrash about playing...pool? Just the kind of question the film by their very body language dissuade you from asking.

The word pool, as it happens, is one among a figurative imagery of *Roadwork* in my personal Citrus Kane, a litigant, ancient least word, a key. This has nothing whatever to do with the playing of the game, at which I'm a joke!

Here our scene starts wobbling and we go black and where to register that this all happened long ago

For reasons best left to the *Freudians*, my older brother Hugh, a model-making prodigy, decides to convert a Lumina Second chocolate box into a poolhall. Green's Pool Hall, he styles it, with Decadence flair. And with a Decadence persistence for spatial detail he renders it, cardboard and watercolor paint and bits of collaged cowering a shabby washroom here, a fringed-over skylight there, a sorry weather-streaked facade—in all, a liltingly wondrous of social observation and modeling skill, the more shame over him.

Hugh makes one mistake just after his triumph is completed. He briefly leaves me unattended in the same room with it.

In fact, he's gone so much that five minutes before the firecracker-bombed since last Dominion Day is retrieved from its hiding place, a match struck, a last kit, a way skylight painted open. The Larkins' Anarchist Bomb is her glimped rolling and having between the miles in the main room of Green's Pool Hall.

The Larkins' Anarchist is glimpsed a few minutes hence, rolling around on the floor occupying the right corner of Hugh's flats. I go down, sincerely praying (OOP!) the screaming realism (OWWW!) with which his fire insurance (ARRRGH!) exploded in a one-one-thousandish-inch scale but of authentic-looking debris. Look, the skylight sealed up all the way across the room under the bed! (POW!)

There has to be a wrap-up to all this, so I will conclude by noting that the washroom sink from Green's Pool Hall never was recovered, Hugh never modeled another building, and I have experienced a mild sense of discomfort standing around billiard or soccer or pool tables ever since.

Yours,

*Bruce*



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Let's not beat around the bush, Flavor is what Merit's all about. Real, satisfying flavor. Take-a-puff, rewarding, down-to-your-toes flavor. It's what you love about smoking. It's what you get from Merit. And because of Enriched Flavor® Merit delivers all this taste with even less tar than other leading lights. If that sounds like your kind of cigarette, just say the word.

Enriched Flavor, low tar. A solution with Merit.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

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Kings: 1 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# DEWAR'S PROFILE:

**MARK SAIZMAN**

**HOME:** Los Angeles, California.

**AGE:** 29.

**PROFESSION:** Author, actor, martial artist. "I know everyone in L.A. says that, but really, I am."

**HOBBY:** Going to the zoo. "It's the one place I won't be asked about China—except by, maybe, the pandas."

**LAST BOOK READ:** *Discos and Democracy: China in the Throes of Reform*, Orville Schell.

**LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:** Writing the script and starring in the movie "Iron and Silk," based on

his book about his experiences as an English teacher in China.

**WHY I DO WHAT I DO:** "What else do you do with a degree from Yale in Chinese Language and Literature?"

**QUOTE:** 之呼者也

**PROFILE:** Animated, ebullient and prone to colorful exaggeration.

**HIS SCOTCH:** Dewar's. "White Label", straight up. "After years of drinking nothing but rice wine, it was a pleasure to return to a place where my Scotch was always on the menu."

